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THE LURE of the MASK

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XI.

The City in the Sea.

From her window Kitty looked down on the Campo which lay patched with black shadows and moonshine. A magic luster, effective as hoar-frost, enveloped the ancient church, and the lines of the eaves and the turns of the corners were silver-bright. How still at night was this fairy city in the sea! Save for the occasional booming of bells—and in Italy they are for ever and ever booming—and the low warning cry of the gondoliers, there was nothing which spoke of life, certainly not here in the Campo Santa Maria Formosa. There were no horses clattering over the stone pavements, no trams, no omnibuses; the stillness which was of peace lay over all things. And some of this had entered Kitty's heart. She was not deeply read, but nevertheless she had her share of poetical feeling. And to her everything in the venerable city teemed with unexpressed lyric. What if the Bridge of Signs was not true, or the fair Desdemona had not dwelt in a palace on the Grand Canal, or the Merchant had neither bought nor sold in the shadow of the Rialto bridge? Historians are not infallible, and it is sometimes easier and pleasanter to believe the poets.

But for one thing the hour would have been perfect. Kitty, ordinarily brave and cheerful, was very lonesome and homesick. Tears sparkled in her eyes and threatened to fall at any moment. It was all very well to dream of old Venice; but when home and friends kept intruding constantly! The little bank account was so small that 500 would wipe it out of existence. And now she would be out of employment till the coming autumn. The dismal failure of it all! She had danced, sung, spoken her lines the very best she knew how; and none had noticed or encouraged her. It was a bitter cup, after all the success at home. If only she could take it philosophically, like La Signorina! She shut her eyes. How readily she could see the brilliant, noisy, friendly Broadway, the electric signs before the theatres, the gay crowds in the restaurants! It was all very fine to see Europe on a comfortable letter of credit, but to see it under such circumstances as these, that was a different matter. To live in this evil-smelling old tenement, with seldom any delicacy to eat, a strange jabberjabber ringing in ones ears from morning till night, and to wait day after day for that letter from home, was not a situation such as would hearten one's love of romance. The men had it much easier; they always do. There was ever some place for a man to go; and there were three of them, and they could talk to one another. But here, unless La Signorina was about—and she had an odd way of disappearing—she, Kitty, had to twiddle her thumbs or talk to herself, for she could understand nothing these people, kindly enough in their way, said to her.

She opened her eyes again, and this time the tears flowed unheeded. Of what use is pride, unless it be observed by others? She missed some one, a frank, merry, kind-hearted some one; and it was balm to her heart to admit it at last. Had he appeared to her at that moment she must have fallen gratefully into his arms.

And there were so many things she could not understand. Why should La Signorina always go veiled? Why should she hide her splendid beauty? Where did she disappear so mysteriously in the daytime? And those sapphires and diamonds and emeralds? Why live here, with such a fortune hanging round her neck? Kitty forgot that, for the sake of sentiment one will sometimes eat a crust when one might dine like a prince.

"Kitty?" The voice came from the doorway. Kitty was startled for a moment, but it was only La Signorina. Kitty furtively wiped her eyes.

"I am over here by the window. The moon was so bright I did not light the lamp."

La Signorina moved with light step to the window, bent and caught Kitty's face between her hands and turned it firmly toward the moon.

"You have been crying, cara!"

"I am very lonely," said Kitty.

"You poor, little, homeless bird!" La Signorina seized Kitty impulsively in her arms. "If I were not—" She hesitated.

"If you were not?"

"If I were not poor, but rich instead, I'd take you to one of the fashionable hotels. You are out of place here, in this rambling old ruin."

"Not half so much as you are," Kitty replied.

"I am never out of place. I can live comfortably in the fields with the peasants, in cities, in extravagant hotels. It is the mind, my dear, not the body. My mind is always at one height; where the body is does not matter much."

There was a subtle hauteur in the voice; it subdued Kitty's inquisitiveness. And no other woman had, till recently, accomplished this feat. Kitty was proud, but there was something in her companion that she recognized but could not express in words.

"Come!" said the older woman. "I myself am lonely and desperate tonight. Iam going to throw away a precious bit of silver on a gondolier. We haven't been out three times together since we arrived. Perhaps it would have been better had we all remained in Rome; but there I could not have helped you. The band plays in the Piazza tonight. They are going to play light opera, and it will tone us both up a bit. More than that, well have coffee at Florian'sfi if we can find a table. Tomorrow we may have to do without breakfast. But there's the old saying that he who sleeps dines. Avanti!"

"Sometimes," said Kitty, drying the final ter, "sometimes I am afraid of you."

"And wisely. I am afraid of myself. I always do the first thing that enters my head, and generally it is the wrong thing. Never mind. The old woman here will trust us for some weeks yet. She leaned from the window and called, "Pomp-e-o!"

From the canal the gondolier answered.

"Now then!" said the woman to the girl.

Kitty threw a heavy shawl over her head and shoulders, while the other wound about her face the now familiar dark gray veil; and the two went down into the Campo to the landing. Kitty longed to ask La Signorina why she invariably wore that veil, but she did not utter the question, knowing full well that La Signorina would have evaded it frankly.

Pom peo threw away his cigarette and doffed his hat. He offered his elbow to steady the women as they boarded; and once they were seated, a good stroke sent the gondola up the canal. The women sat speechless for some time. At each intersection Pompeo called right or left musically. Sometimes the moon would find its way through the brick and marble canyon or the bright ferrule of another gondola flashed and disappeared into the gloom. Under bridges they passed, they glided by little restaurants where the Venetians, in olden days, talked liberty for themselves and death to the Austrians. and at length they came out upon the Grand Canal, where the Rialto curves, its ancient blocks of marble and stalactites gleam mostly overhead.

"There, this is better."

"It is always better when you are with me," said Kitty.

For years Kitty had fought her battles alone, independent and resourceful; and yet here she was, leaning upon the strong will of this remarkable woman, and gratefully, too. It is a pleasant thing to shift responsibility to the shoulders of one we know to be capable of bearing it.

"Now, my dear Kitty, we'll just enjoy ourselves tonight, and on our return I shall lay a plan before you, and tomorrow you may submit it to the men. It is as usual a foolish plan, but it will be something of an adventure."

"I accept it at once, without knowing what it is."

"Kitty Killigrew," mused La Signorina. "The name is as pretty as you are. Pretty Kitty Killigrew; it actually sings." Then she added solemnly: "Never change it. There is no man worth the exchange."

Kitty was not wholly sure of this, so she made no response.

"What a beautiful place!" she cried presently, pointing to a house in darkness. The moon poured broadly upon it. The leaning gondola-posts stood like sleeping sentinels, and the tide murmured over the marble steps.

Pompeo, seeing Kitty's gesture and not understanding her words, swung the gondola diagonally across the canal.

"No, no, Pompeo!" La Signorina spoke in Italian. "I have told you never to go near that house without express orders. Straight ahead."

The gondola at once resumed its former course. Never did Pompeo take a tourist down the canal that he did not exalt in his best Italian and French the beauties of yonder empty palace. Had he not spent his youth in the service of the family? It was only of late years that Pompeo had become a public gondolier, with his posts in the stand fronting the Hotel de l'Europe.

"A-oe!! Look out!" he called suddenly. Another gondola scraped alongside and passed on.

"Who lives there?" asked Kitty.

"Nobody," answered La Signorina. "Though once it was the palace of a great warrior. How picturesque the gondolas look with their dancing double lights! Those without numbers are private."

"The old palace interests me more than the gondolas," declared Kitty.

But La Signorina was not to be trapped.

Presently they passed the row of great hotels, with their balconies hanging over the water and their steps running down into it. Kitty eyed them all regretfully. She saw men and women in evening dress, and she was sure that they had dined well and were happy. Without doubt there were persons who knew her by name and had seen her act. From the Grand Canal they came out into the great Canal San Marco, the beginning of the lagoon. Here Kitty forgot for the moment her troubles; her dream-Venice had returned. There were private yachts, Adriatic liners, all brilliant with illumination, and hundreds of gondolas, bobbing, like captive levithans, bunched round the gaily-lanterned barges of the serenaders. There was only one flaw to this dream—the shrill whistle of the ferry boats. They had no place here and their presence was an affront.

"How I hate them!" said La Signorina. "The American influence! Some day they will be filling up the canals and runing trams over them. What is beauty and silence if there be profit in ugliness and noise?

"La Signorina—" began Kitty.

"There! I have warned you twice. The third time I shall be angry."

"Hilda, then. But I am afraid every time I call you that. You do not belong to my world."

"And what makes you think that?" There was a smile behind the veil.

"I do not know, unless it is that you are at home everywhere, in the Campo, in the hotels, in the theatre or the palace. Now I am at home only in the theatre, in places which are unreal and artificial. You are a great actress, a great singer; and yet, as O'Mally would say, you don't belong." Kitty had forgotten what she had started out to say.

La Signorina laughed. "Pouf! You have been reading too many novels. To the molo, Pompeo."

At the molo, the great quay of Venice, they disembarked. The whilom prima donna dropped 50 centesimi into Pomeo's hand, and he bowed to the very gunwale of the boat.

"Grazie, nobilita."

"What does he say?" asked Kitty.

"He says, 'Thanks nobility.' It I had given him a penny it would have been thanks only. For a lira he would have added principessa—princess. The gondolier will give you any title you desire, if you are willing enough to pay for it. We shall return on foot, Pompeo; this will be all for the night."

Pompeo lifted his cap again and pushed off.

"He was very cheap," said Kitty. Only ten cents for a ride like that!"

A ripple of laughter greeted this remark. "Pompeo can read human nature. He knows that I am honest. What I gave him was a tip."

"Aren't you laughing at me sometimes?"

"Disabuse your mind of that fancy, cara. It is a long time since I gave my affections to anyone, and I do give them to you." With this she caught Kitty by the arm and the two went up the Piazetta leisurely toward the Piazza.

The Piazza San Marco, or St. Mark, is the mecca of those in search of beauty; here they may lay the sacred carpet, kneel and worship. There is none other to compare with this mighty square, with its enchanting splendor, its haunting romance, its brilliant if pathetic history. Light, everywhere light; scintillating, dancing, swinging light! Spars and lances of light upon the shivering waters, red and yellow and white! Light, the reflective radience of jewels and happy eyes! Light, breaking against the pink and white marbles, the columns of porpyry,, malachite, basalt, and golden mosaics! Let the would be traveler dream of it never so well; he will come to find his dreams vanquished. Nothing changes in the Piazza San Marco, nothing save the tourists and the contents of the bewildering shops. All else remains the same. Read your poets and study your romances, but delve into no disillusioning guidebooks. Let us put our faith in the gondolier; for his lies are far more picturesque than a world of facts.

There were several thousand people in the square tonight, mostly travelers. The band was playing selections from Audran's whimsical La Mascotte. The tables of the many cafes were filled and hundreds walked to and fro under the bright arcades, or stopped to gaze into the shop windowns. Here the merchant seldom closes his shop till the band goes home. Music arouses the romantic, and the romantic temperament is always easy to swindle, and the merchant of Venice will swindle you if he can.

The two women saw no vacant tables at Florian's, but presently they espied the other derelicts—O'Mally, Smith and Worth—who managed to fin dtwo extra chairs. They learned that O'Mally had had two beers, a vast piece of recklessness. He was ripe for anything, and gally welcomed his fellow unfortunates. He laughed, told funny stories and made himself generally amusing. Smith made weak attempts to assist him. On the other hand, Worth seldom smiled and rarely spoke.

Through her veil their former prima donna studied them carefully, with a purpose in mind. The only one she doubted was Worth. Somehow he annoyed her; she could not explain, yet still the sense of annoyance was always there. It might have been that she had seen that look in other eyes, and that it usually led to the same end. She could not criticize his actions; he was always the perfection of courtesy to her, never overstepped, never intruded.

"Gentlemen," she said during a lull. "I have a plan to propose to you all."

"If it will get us back to old Broadway before we are locked up for debt, let us have it at once, by all means," said O'Mally.

"Well, then, I propose to wait no longer for letters from home. The last boat brought nothing; it will be 14 days before the next arrives, since you all tell me that you wrote to have your mail sent by the Mediterranean. My plan is simple. They say that a gambler always wins the first time he plays. Taking this as the golden text, I propose that each of you will spare me what money you can, and Kitty and I will go to Monte Carlo and take one plunge at the tables."

"Monte Carlo!" O'Mally brought down his fist resoundingly. "That's a good idea. If you should break the bank, think of the advertisement when you go back to New York. La Signorina Capricciosa, who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, will open at the—"

"Be still," said Worth.

"Dash it, business is business, and without publicity there isn't any business." O'Mally was hurt.

"Mr. O'Mally is right," said La Signorina. "It would be a good advertisement. But your combined opinion is what I want."

The three men looked at one another thoughtfully, then drew out their wallets, thin and worn. They made up a purse of exactly one hundred and fifty dollars, not at all a propitious sum to trap elusive fortune. But such as it was, O'Mally passed it across the table. This utter confidence in her touched La Signorina's heart; for none of them knew aught of her honesty. She turned aside for a moment and fumbled with the hidden chain about her neck. She placed her hand on the table and opened it. O'Mally gasped, Smith opened his mouth, and Worth leaned forward. An emerald, a glorious green emerald, free from the usual cluster of diamonds, alone in all its splendor, lay in the palm of her hand.

"I shall give this to you, Mr. O'Mally," said the owner, "till I return. It is very dear to me, but that must not stand in the way."

"Ye Gods!" cried O'Mally in dismay. "Put it away. I shouldn't sleep o' nights with that on my person. Keep it. You haven't the right idea. We'll trust you anywhere this side of jail. No, no! It wouldn't do at all. But you're a brick all the same." And that was as near familiarity as O'Mally ever came.

She turned to Smith, but he put out a hand in violent protest; then to Worth, but he smiled and shook his head.

"O'Mally is right," he said. "We need no guaranty."

She put the ring away. It was her mother's. She never would smile in secret at these men again. They might be vain and artificial and always theatrical, but there was, nevertheless, a warm and generous heart beneath.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "If I lose your money we will all go to Florence. I have another plan, but that will keep till this one under hand proves a failure. None of you shall regret your confidence in me."

"Pshaw!" said O'Mally.

"Nonsense!" said Smith.

And Worth smiled reassuringly.

O'Mally beckoned to a waiter. "Oony bottle vino dee Asti, caldo, frappe!" he said loudly, so that all might hear him give the order. A month in Venice, and he would be able to talk like a native. True, if any Italian spoke to him, he was obliged to shake his head; but that was a trifling matter.

"Tom!" warned Smith.

"You let me alone," replied O'Mally. "A quart of Asti won't hurt anybody."

So the thin sweet wine of Asti was served, and La Signorina toasted them all gratefully.

Early the next morning she and Kitty departed for Monte Carlo in quest of fortune. Fortoune was there waiting, but in a guise wholly unexpected.

CHAPTER XII.

A Box of Cigars.

On the way up to Rome Hillard and his pupil had a second-class compartment all to themselves. The train was a fast one; for the day of slow travel has passed in Italy and the cry of speed is heard over the land. The train stopped often and rolled about a good deal; but the cushions were soft, and there was real comfort in being able to stretch out full length. Hillard, having made this trip many times, took the forward seat and fell into a doze.

Merrihew was like a city boy taking his first trip into the country. He hung out of the window, and smoked and smoked. Whenever the train swept round a curve he could look into the rear carriages; and the heads sticking out of the thirds reminded him of chicken-crates. Never had he seen such green gardens, such orange and lemon groves, such forests of olives. Save that it was barren rock, not a space as broad as a man's hand was left uncultivated; and not a farm which was not in good repair. One saw no broken fences, no slovenly outhouses, no glaring advertisements afield; nobody was asked impertinently if Soandso's soap had been used that morning, nor did the bambini cry for soothing-syrups. Everything was of stone (for wood is precious in Italy) generally whitewashed, and presenting the smiling countenance of comfort and cleanliness. The Italian in the city is seldom clean; there, it is so easy to lie in the gutters under the sun. Reared and bred in laziness for centuries, dirt has no terrors, but water has. With his brother in the country it is different. Labor makes him self-respecting. Merrihew had seen so many dirty Sicilians and Neapolitans working on American railways that he had come to the conclusion that Italy was the most poverty-stricken country in the world. He was now forming new opinions at the rate of one every hour.

How pretty were the peasants in the fields with their bright bits of color, a scarlet shawl, a skirt of faded blue, a yellow kerchief round the head! And the great white oxen at the plows! Sometimes he saw a strange, phantom-like, walled town hanging to some cliffs far away. It disappeared and reappeared and disappeared again. Never a chimney with the curling black smoke of the factory did he see above any of these clustered cities. When he recalled to mind the pall of soft-coal smoke which hangs over the average American city, he knew that while Italy might be cursed with poverty she had her blessing in fine clear skies. And always, swinging down the great roads, he saw in fancy the ghosts of armies, crusaders, mercenaries, feudal companies, crossbowmen, and knights in mail.

It amused him to see the buxom women flagging the train at crossings. And the little stations, where everybody rushed out to buy a drink of bottled water! Suddenly the station-master struck a bell, the conductor tooted a horn, and the engine's shrill whistle shrieked; and off they flew again. No newspboy to bother one with stale gum, rank cigars, ancient caramels and soiled novels; nothing but solid comfort. And oh! the flashing streams which rushed under bridges or plunged alongside. Merrihew's hand ached to hold a rod and whip the green pools where the fallen olive leaves floated and swam like silver minnows. Half a dozen times he woke Hillard to draw his attention to these streams. But Hillard disillusioned him. Rarely were there any fish, nor were these waters drinkable, passing as they did over immense beds of lime.

There was a change of cars at Rome and a wait of two hours. Hillard led the way to a popular cafe in the Piazza delle Terme, near the station. Here they lunched substantially. In that hour or so Merrihew saw more varied uniforms than he had seen in all his past life; perambulating parakeets which glittered, smoked cigarets or black cigars with straws in them, and drank coffee out of tumblers. He readily imagined that he was surrounded by enough dukes and princes and counts to run a dozen kingdoms, with a few left over for the benefit of the American market. He was making no mistakes now; he could distinguish a general from a hotel concierge without the least difficulty.

And still Americans, everywhere Americans; rich and poor Americans, loud and quiet Americans; Americans who had taste and education, and some who had neither; well-dressed and over-dressed, obtrusive and unobtrusive, parvenu and aristocrat. Once Merrihew saw a fine old gentleman wearing the Honor Legion ribbon in his buttonhole, and his heart grew warm and proud. Here was an order which was not to be purchased like the Order of Leopold and the French Legion of Honor. To win this simple order a man must prove his courage under fire, must be the author of an heroic exploit on the battlefield. And besides, there was this advantage: to servants in Europe a button or a slip of ribbon in the lapel signifies an order, a nobility of one sort or another, and as a consequence they treat the wearer with studied civility.

"I wish I had remembered," sighed Merrihew, after gazing at the old gentleman.

"Remembered what?"

"Why I've got a whole raft of medals I won at college. I could wear them quite handily over here."

"Buy an oder. Any pawnshop will have a few for sale. You could wear it in Switzerland or France and nobody would be any the wiser."

"But I'm serious."

"So am I."

Merrihew brightened, reached into a vest pocket, and to Hillard's horror produced a monocle, which he gravely screwed in his eye.

"Where the—"

"Sh! If you make me laugh I'll drop it."

Merrihew stared about calmly and coldly, as he had seen some Englishmen do. A waiter, seeing the sun flash on the circle of crystal, hurried over, firmly believing he had been heliographed.

"Niente," said Merrihew, waving him aside. "You see?" he whispered to Hillard, who was rather amused at this tomfoolery. "Brings 'em without a word. Hanged if I don't wear it the rest of the trip. There's a certain—whatdyecallit?—eclaw about the demmed thing."

"Wear it, by all means. You'll be as amusing as a comic weekly. But if you ever drop it, I'll step on it accidentally."

"I can keep it in my eye all right," said Merrihew, "so long as I don't laugh. Now, while there's time, let us see some of the sights; the Golden House of Nero, for instance, and the forum, the colosseum, St. Peter's and the Vatican; just a passing glance at a few things, as it were; Merrihew, as he spoke, kept a sober countenance.

It deceived Hillard, who eyed him with unfeigned wonder, marveling that any rational mind should even think of such a thing, much less propose it.

"Why not run up to Venice and back?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Is it as far as that?" innocently. "Well, we'll make it just St. Peter's and the Vatican."

"Impossible! In the hour we have left we can see nothing, positively nothing. And even now we had better start for the station to get a compartment before the rush. St. Peter's and the Vatican. You talk like the Englishman who wanted to run over to San Francisco and back to Philadelphia in the morning."

A grin spread over Merrihew's face. Hillard scratched his chin reflectively.

"I'll pay for the luncheon myself," he said.

"You had better. It was great sport to watch your face. I'll be in a happy frame of mind all day now."

After luncheon Merrihew secretly bought two boxes of cigars to carry along. They were good cigars and cost him $15. He covered them with some newspapers, and at the station succeeded by some legerdemain in slipping them into one of its cases. Hillard would have lectured him on his extravagance, and this was a good way to avoid it. But some hours later he was going to be very sorry that he had not made a confidant of his guide. Merrihew had never heard of the town of Ventimiglia, which straddles the frontiers of France and Italy.

As they were boarding the train they noticed two gentlemen getting into the forward compartment of the carriage.

"Hiumph! Our friend with the scar," said Hillard. "We do not seem able to shake him."

"I'd like to shake him. He goes against the grain, somehow." Merrihew swung into the compartment. "I wish I knew why the Sandfords dropped him?"

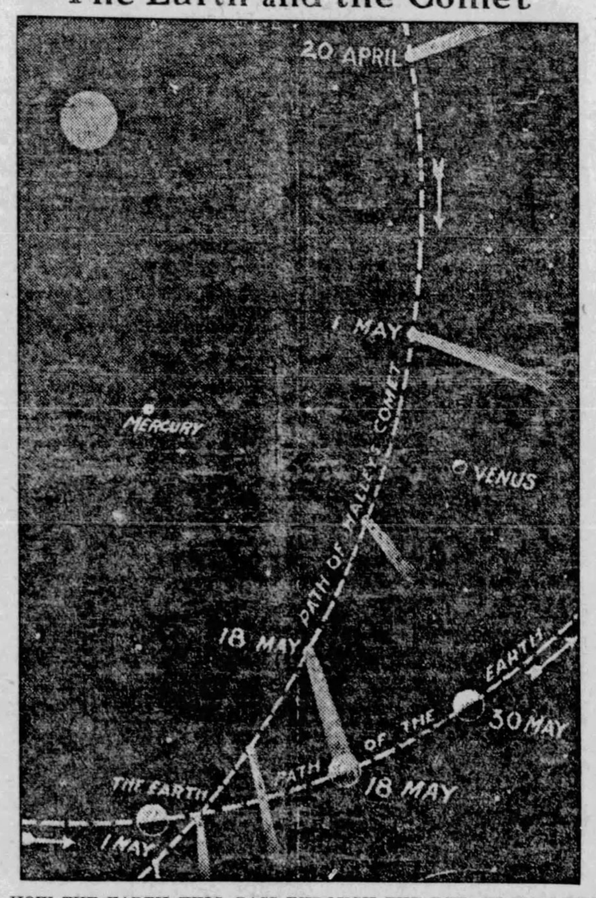
"For some good reason. They are a liberal pair, and if our friend forward offended them it must have been something deliberate and outside the pale of forgiveness. But I should like to know where old Giovanni is. I miss him."

"Poor devil!" said Merrihew with careless sympathy. It is easy to be sympathetic with persons whose troubles are remote from our own.

The train started, and again they had the compartment.

(To Be Continued.)

The Earth and the Comet



HOW THE EARTH WILL PASS THROUGH THE TAIL OF HALLEY'S COMET.

—London Sphere.

This diagramatic view of a section of the earth's annual journey shows that we shall, on May 18, reach a point where the earth will pass through the filmy tail of Halley's comet. The path of the comet is shown descending from the head of the page. The sidereal point at which the collision, perceptible or imperceptible, will take place is marked by a cross. Another comet—an unexpected visitor—has also loomed suddenly into vision. It was first perceived in South Africa, and has now been frequently observed and photographed.

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XVII.

I Take a Vow.

For an instant I was so shaken by the dead weight on my arm, by that white drawn face turned blindly up to mine, that my heart stopped in my bosom. Then I shook the horror off.

"She has only fainted," I told myself. "She is not dead; she cannot be dead; it is nothing; it will pass in a moment;" and gripping my teeth together in a very agony of effort, I lifted her in my arms and set off up the hillside toward the ledge which Pasdeloup had pointed out.

How I reached it I know not, for long ere I had covered half the distance the world was reeling red before me and the blood pounding like a hammer in my brain. But reach it I did, after what seemed an eternity, and, pushing aside that curtain of vines, I saw behind it the dark entrance to the cavern, framed by the soldir cok. I stopped and entered, then laid my burden gently on the hard, dry floor, and flung myself, well-night senseless, beside her.

But a moment or two sufficed to give me back my breath, and struggling to my feet, I first made sure that the leafy curtain had fallen naturally into place; then I made a quick circuit of the cavern. I found it rudely circular, with a diameter of perhaps a rod and a height of half as much. Pasdeloup had doubtless occupied it more than once, for in one corner was a pile of dry moss, which had evidently served for a bed. To this I bore that still, limp body and fell to chafing wrist and temple, with a harrowing fear again gripping my heart. She was so pale, so haggard, her hands were so cold and nerveless, that I was almost ready to believe that the horrors and hardships of the night had slain her; there was no pulse, no respiration—no sign that the spirit still clung to its earthly tenement.

Despairingly, I let the limp hand fall; if she were really dead, my path lay clear before me—I would share the fate of my companions—I would die beside them!

I bent and kissed her lips, softly, reverently. And in that instant a gentle sigh came from them, her eyes opened and she lay looking up at me.

"Then you are not dead!" I cried. "You are not dead!" and I caught up her hands again and chafed them madly, feeling with joy indescribable the warmth of life returning to them.

She lay still a moment longer, then gently drew her hands away and raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Where are we?" she questioned, staring about her in the green half-light which filtered through the leafy curtain. "What has happened to us?"

"We are in a cavern which Pasdeloup knew of," I explained. "We are safe."

"I thought we were under the ocean," she said, still staring about her. "Far down in the depths of the ocean—I have always fancied it must be like this. But where are the others?" she demanded, suddenly.

"That I do not know," I answered, as cheerfully as I could. "No doubt they have escaped in another direction," but in my heart I knew the absurdity of such a hope.

"You left them, then?" she questioned, looking at me from under level brows.

"M. le Comte commanded it," I answered, flushing. "Do you not remember?"

She pressed her hands to her temples.

"I remember nothing," she said, at last, "except that we climbed a great mountain, and that your arm was about me, aiding me."

I breathed a sigh of relief that her memory stopped there.

"Shall I go back and look for them?" I asked.

"No, no!" she protested and caught my hand. "Do not leave me here—at least not yet!"

"I shall have to go before long, in any event," I pointed out. "We must have food."

"I am not hungry—I feel that I shall never again be hungry."

"Nevertheless, you must eat. You must be strong and brave. We have a long journey before us."

"A long journey?"

"Yes—we shall not be really safe until we are among M. le Comte's friends in the Bocage."

"Is that far?" she asked.

"Not so far but that we shall reach them safely," I assured her.

She lay back again upon the moss with a long sigh of utter weariness.

"You must sleep," I added, gently. "Do not fight it off—yield to it. You will need your strength—all of it—for tonight."

"For tonight?"

"Yes; we shall not dare to start until darkness comes, and we must get forward as far as we can ere daybreak. You can sleep in perfect security. No one suspects that we have taken refuge here."

She did not answer, but turned on one side, laid her head upon her arm and closed her eyes. Sleep, I knew, would claim her in a moment.

I crept forward to the mouth of the cavern, and sitting down behind the screen of vines, pulled them aside a little and peered down the valley, in the hope that I might see Pasdeloup and M. le Comte making their way toward us. But there was no one in sight, nor could I hear any sound of conflict in the direction whence we had come. It might be, I told myself, that Pasdeloup had again succeeded in saving his master and that they had fled together in some other direction, but I felt there were limits to the power of even his supreme devotion. Certainly no situation could have been more critical and hopeless than that in which I had left my friend.

Whatever the result of that struggle, there was evidently nothing left for me to do save to stand sentinel over my companion and see that no harm came to her. I sat down with my back against the wall of stone and composed myself as comfortably as I could to watch the valley. Indeed, my posture was too comfortable; the knowledge that we were safe, the lifting of the cloud of anxiety, the slackening of the strain under which I had labored, had left me strangely weary; my eyelids drooped, and before I realized the danger, I was sound asleep.

I awoke with a guilty start, but a single glance down into the valley reassured me—no danger threatened us from that direction. How long I had slept I could not guess, but it must have been some hours, for I felt refreshed, invigorated, ready for anything—ready especially to undertake an energetic search for food, to appease the insistent gnawing in my stomach.

But first I turned back into the cave and bent over my companion. She was still sleeping peacefully. A ray of light which had fought its way through the leafy curtain fell upon her face in soft benediction. I saw how sleep had wiped away the lines of weariness and anxiety, which I had noticed there, and I knew she would be ready for the task which nightfall would bring with it. I drew her cloak more closely about her, then went out softly, leaving her undisturbed. I glanced up and down the valley to assure myself that I was unobserved, drew carefully together the veil of vines behind me, then paused a moment to reflect. I had two things to do—I must secure food, and I must discover, if possible, the fate of our companions. I resolved to do the latter first, and so proceeded cautiously down the valley, keeping a sharp lookout on every side. I thought, for a time, that I had got my directions strangely mixed, for the sun appeared to be rising in the west instead of in the east, but I soon perceived that it was not rising at all, but setting, and that instead of being midmorning it was mid-afternoon. I had slept not three or four hours, as I had fancied, but eight or nine.

That discovery had the effect of hastening my steps and lessening my caution. I had no time to lose and whatever the result of the fight at the cliff it was improbable that any of the enemy had lingered so long in the neighborhood. So I went forward boldly and as swiftly as I could down the hill, into the narrow bed of the torrent where now murmured the clear waters of a little brook, over the rough stones, around a jagged

CURIOUSLY LOCALIZED INDUSTRY

EVERY one who pays attention to the industrial and commercial news of the day knows that the cotton manufacturing industry of the south has been making great strides in the last few years. One of the familiar prophecies of the times has been the prediction that the hold of New England on the trade in cotton goods would be broken soon and the seat of the great industry which converts cotton into cloth would be moved from the northeastern corner of the country to the region where cotton is grown.

This view of the future of the cotton manufacturing business has looked reasonable enough to be accurate. It has appealed to the common sense of the fitness of things. The reader of such prophecies has been quick to ask himself why such a change should not take place. It has appeared to be in line with the natural development of American industries.

The vital point overlooked has been the immense weight of inertia in business, the strength of industrial and commercial habits. It has been forgotten that in many lands, through long periods, important industries have remained in the districts where they gained their first strength and first became profitable, no matter how good an argument could be made for their removal to some other locality. This tendency to keep on doing work where it has been done is still a mighty factor in the world of trade and industry. It looks unreasonable, but when it is examined it is found to rest on pretty solid ground. It is no mere whim or weakness of human nature which holds an important branch of business in a certain part of a country that seems to have no great natural advantages of any kind.

The men most skilled in any industry gravitate to the district where their knowledge and their abilities are most in demand. The best workmen tend to drift into the most important centers of that business. The entire industrial and commercial life of a mill city may become specialized, and grouped about one staple product. The town itself gradually grows to be a mechanism for carrying on one great business to the best possible advantage.

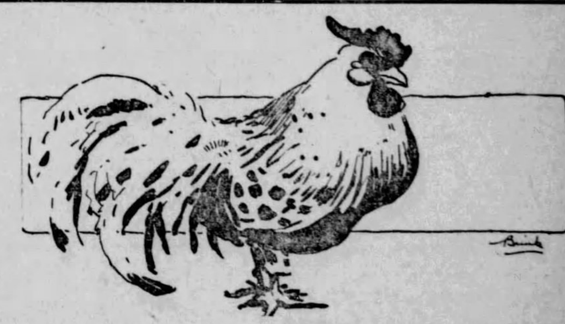
If this human factor in the case were not of extreme importance the rubber tire industry would not be centered largely in Akron. The same city's suburbs would not make so large a part of the matches used in the United States. The shoe manufacturing industry of the country would not be so largely the special possession of the eastern part of Massachusetts. Detroit would not build more automobiles than New York, Chicago and Philadelphia taken together, and then thousands more. The shirts and collars and cuffs of the country would not be manufactured so largely in and near Troy, N. Y. What, except force of habit, can explain the position which Rochester, N. Y., holds in making men's clothing and in the seed business? Why should Peoria make so much of the country's whisky? What is the reason that Boston shines as it does in making fine confectionery?

This same curious localizing of industries is noteworthy in the open field of agriculture. Is there any explanation in climatic or soil conditions which accounts for the concentration of the greater part of the bean crop in three states as far apart as New York, Michigan and California? Why should New York, Wisconsin and California grow most of the barley for the country, and what explanation can cover the fact that the greater part of the buckwheat is produced in one corner of Pennsylvania and in the adjacent counties of New York?

The center of cotton manufacturing interests which showed the most remarkable rate of growth in the last half of the last year is New Bedford, Mass., where some $10,000,000 has been invested in new mills in six months. Since the middle of last summer 19 cotton mills have been built in New England, and most of them are of great size and splendidly equipped. The same industry is flourishing in the south but the force of habit, and the human factor in the question, as affected by sections and localities, apparently remains nearly as great an asset as ever for New England, in the business of making cotton cloth.

The man who leaves out such elements in business forecasts and tests of present conditions is sure to go far astray in his reckoning. Average human nature is much under the spell of custom. It is inclined very strongly to stay in ruts. It does not move large business establishments to distant places, unless for extremely cogent reasons.

HUMAN NATURE IN POULTRY



EDMOND ROSTAND brings out his long-incubated and much-advertised Chanticleer just when barnyard fowls are unusually interesting in America, however the case may be in France. The clarion voice of the farm play which is the talk of Paris comes across the Atlantic to a country much disturbed, of late, about eggs. The poetry of the unprecedented drama in which all of the characters are birds fills the Rostand farmyard with human aspirations, human hopes and fears, human jealousies, human love and human hate. The play puts feathers on men and women, but nature puts into birds, the common poultry of the farms, here and in all lands, much of what we are in the habit of calling human nature.

Those who may begin to keep chickens in the spring, and most of those who already have them, can find much that is novel and interesting in their ordinary barnyard fowls, not merely as naturalists study birds, but far more as one may come to know the mind and character of a man or woman. This is no jest. It does not refer to freak creatures, the thousandth hen or the ten-thousandth turkey. The only very exceptional requirement is extreme patience and unflagging interest in the cultivation of the necessary intimacy with creatures that are commonly rated far down in the scale of animal intelligence. Few will think it worth while to make such a prolonged effort. Perhaps it is not, except to boys, for instance, with much time on their hands—say city boys spending a long vacation on a farm.

But given the right human leading and advances, the response which may be obtained from poultry is astonishing. By the time it becomes easy to tell every fowl's face—merely the side of the head peeping out from behind a fence or a door—just as one knows his human friends, and to recognize the cackle of every hen on the premises, even if they number 100 or more, and the crow of every little cockerel when a farmyard is swarming with half-grown chickens, not to speak of the challenge of every grown "rooster," the man who learns to know fowls in that way will discover that they have human emotions and human ways to a degree he never dreamed of before. He may find that the young cock that flies up to the topmost branch of a shrub to look down on other youngsters as he crows, and finds it too weak to hold him, will sometimes steal away, head down and tail drooping, in much chagrin. He may learn that if a rooster is scared into squawking panic, when he is alone, and runs wildly around the corner of a barn into the midst of a group of undisturbed hens busily eating, the instant and desperate efforts of the lord of the barnyard to shake his disarranged plumage into place and choke down his frantic cackling and pretend that he was never scared in his life, is very masculine and very human.

If a train of corn is laid in front of a looking-glass placed against a tree trunk, for instance, and a cock that is full of fighting spirit is started at the most distant end of the line of tempting kernels, his approach to the reflected image of his own warlike self and his final furious attack upon the picture in the mirror are full of little tricks and finesse, especially in the way he will pick up bits of dirt or grass or straws, to make his supposed foe think him off his guard, and expose himself by a rash move. If the looking-glass, which ought, for economy's sake, to be old and broken, is thoroughly smashed by the first full blow, the way the half-stunned rooster will rush around the tree to see where his enemy is hiding and the manner in which he whirls around to see if the bird so mysteriously wiped off the face of the earth is behind him—all this is so easy to understand that it fairly speaks the workings of the fowl's brain.

Sometimes a lordly cock that is perfectly good humored about losing a kernel of corn when a nimble hen starts farther away and get to it first, can be made very cross by dropping a bit of food directly under his head when he has fairly started to crow, because he can't stop the crow and a hen will surely grab the tidbit which would have been his if he had had a fair chance at it. After he learns that in such cases it doesn't protect the next kernel of corn to peck the hen that has taken advantage of his crowing predicament, he will very likely begin to struggle hard to choke off that crow, and in the long run he may succeed. It is a pattern of perseverance for "humans."

All this is only sampling the possibilities of a real study of chickens, where they live and as they live. If they are watched long enough and tested often enough they will be found so interesting that Chanticleer will seem much more sensible than it can be to many who know barnyard fowls only as egg producers and prospective table delicacies.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are probably responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

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Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable results in the most distressing cases.

Symptom of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you are obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease may be stealing upon you, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root Is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

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Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

point of rock—and the scene of the fight lay before me.

For a moment I saw only the rocks, the red earth—then my eye was caught by a huddled mass so trampled into the mud as to be almost indistinguishable from it, yet unmistakably a human body. I hastened forward with heart beating madly; I bent above it and stared down into the battered and blackened face. Disfigured, repulsive as it was, I knew it instantly—it was Pasdeloup. With a sudden feeling of suffocation, I stood erect and looked about me, trembling at the thought of the dread objects my eyes sought and yet shrank from. Then I drew a quick breath of relief, of joy, of thankfulness. Pasdeloup had sacrificed his life, indeed, but not in vain; his master had escaped—by some miracle he had escaped, bearing his wife with him. She had been only wounded then—that was not the pallor of death—she had merely fainted; perhaps the wound had been only a trivial one. But which way had he gone? Why did he not press forward to the cave? I must hasten to him? He would need assistance. Which way—

I stopped, shivering, my eyes burning into my brain, for there, in the cruel exposure, half way down the slope were two objects—

How I got down to them, shaken as I was by the agony of that discovery, I know not; I remember only the tempest of wild rage which burst within me as I looked down at those naked, mutilated figures—hideously, unspeakably mutilated. And I held my clenched hands above my head and swore, as there was a God in heaven that I would have vengeance of the devil who had done this thing. He would pay for it; he should pay to the uttermost, drop by drop. I vowed myself to the task; by my father's memory, by my mother's love, by my hope of Heaven, I swore that for me there should be no rest, no happiness, no contentment until I had pulled this monster down and sent his soul to the torture which awaited it.

For an instant, the mad thought seized me to set off at once on the trail of the murderers, to harry them, cleave them asunder, seize the fiend who had set them on and wring his life out. A superhuman strength possessed me, a divine ardor of vengeance, and not for an instant did I doubt that God would nerve my arm to accomplish all this—to have doubted that would be to doubt His justice, His might, His mercy. But suddenly I remembered that another duty had been laid upon me. I must discharge that first; I must go on to the Bocage. Then I could turn back to Dange.

I grew calmer after a time; that divine rage passed away and left me weak and shaken. I sat limply down upon a nearby stone and gazing at those desecrated bodies, with the hot tears starting from my eyes at thought of the gallant man and fair woman for whom this hideous fate had been reserved. In that moment of anguish there was but one comforting reflection—she had died with her husband's arms about her, his voice in her ears, his kisses on her lips. Her soul had winged its flight to heaven pure, unsoiled. It was not she who suffered this defilement—it was but the poor, outgrown empty dwelling which she had left behind. And he—he had joined her before a throne which would endure through all eternity, in a land where there were no revolutions.

Yet, deserted, insentient as they were, I could not leave these poor bodies here to rot in the sun, food for carrion birds and unclean beasts of the night. Still I could not spare the time to bury them, for the sun was already sinking toward the horizon. I glanced despairingly about me—then I saw the way.

Twenty feet above the bed of the stream, some tremendous freshet had eaten into the bank and so undermined it that it seemed to hang tottering in the air. In a moment I had carried the bodies, one by one, into the shadow of this bank and laid them tenderly side by side. Then I hesitated—but only for an instant. I went straight to the spot where Pasdeloup lay, and half-dragging, half-carrying, placed him at last beside his master, where he surely had the right to lie—where, I even fancied, he would have wished to lie. I knew little of the burial mass, but I could at least say a prayer above them, and consecrate the ground with my tears.

As I was about to turn away, a sudden thought struck me. Here was a disguise ready to my hand, and I would need one sorely. I had donned my gayest suit the night before—the suit, indeed, I had not thought to wear until I approached the high altar at Poitiers—and though it was already sadly soiled and torn, it must still attract attention to a man with no better means of conveyance than his own legs. Under the rude garments which Pasdeloup had worn—stained with blood and dirt—no one would suspect the royalist. Here was a chance not to be neglected. In a moment I had stripped off his stockings, blouse and breeches, cleansed the caked mud from them as well as I could, and throwing my own garments over him, donned his—not without a shiver of repugnance—taking care to transfer to my new attire my purse, my ammunition, and the one pistol which remained to me, and to secure the knife which had already done such execution, and which I found gripped in his right hand. I tied his coarse handkerchief about my head, and stopping only for a little prayer, clambered to the top of the bank, and with my sword began to loosen the overhanging earth. Great cracks showed here and there, and it must soon have fallen of its own weight, so very little remained for me to do, and at the end of a moment's work, I saw the cracks slowly widen.

Then, with a dull crash, which echoed along the valley, the earth fell upon the bodies, burying them to a depth of many feet, safe from desecration by the fangs of brute or the eye of man.

The tears were streaming down my face as I turned away, but I could not linger, for darkness was at hand and I had already been too long absent from my charge. I flung my sword far down the cliff, for I would have no further need of it, then, with all the speed at my command, I retraced my steps along the bed of the stream and upward toward the ledge of rock. As I approached it, I fancied I saw a figure slip quickly out of sight behind the vines. Dreading I knew not what, I hastened my step, swept aside the curtain and stooped to enter.

But even as I did so, there came a burst of flame almost in my face, and I felt a sharp, vivid pain tear across my cheek.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clerce's Toilet.

I was so blinded by the flash and by the swirl of acrid smoke which followed it that for an instant, I thought there had been some terrible explosion; another mine, perhaps, designed to wreck our cavern and entomb us beneath the rocks. Then, in an agony of fear, not for myself, but for the girl confided to my keeping, I sprang forward, determined to clinch with my assailant before he could fire again. Once my fingers were at his throat, I knew he would never fire—I would take a savage joy in shaking his life out!

But at the third step I stumbled over some obstruction and came headlong to the floor.

I was up again in an instant, my back to the wall, my pistol in my hand, wondering at my escape—but there was no second attack, not a sound save my own hurried breathing.

Then, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw with astonishment that the cavern was empty. What was it that had happened? Who was it that had fired a shot at me? What was the obstruction which had brought me down? I could just discern it on the floor—a dim, huddled mass. I went to it, bent over it, peerfed down at it—and in a sudden panic of terror, I saw that it was Charlotte! The fiends had been watching, then; they had seen me leave the cavern, they had seen me desert her—fool that I was!—they had waited until I was safely away, then they had crept in upon her, surprised her as she slept, secure in the thought that I was watching over her! And they had murdered her, or, worse than that—

With a groan of agony, I groped for her wrist and found myself clutching a pistol whose barrel was still warm. In a flash I understood, and my heart bounded again with joy, the while I cursed my carelessness. It was she who had fired at me! How was she to know me in this dress? She had been watching for me outside the cave, and had seen a brigand approaching her; she had slipped behind the curtain and a moment later, I had burst in upon her without a word of warning. Fool that I was! Fool! Fool! And yet my heart was singing with joy and thankfulness—joy that she had escaped; thankfulness that she had turned the pistol against me and not against herself! Had she done that—but I shook the thought from me lest I break down completely.

I drew her to the entrance of the cavern that the cool air of the evening might play upon her face. At the end of a moment, her lips parted in a faint sigh, her bosom rose and fell convulsively and she opened her eyes and stared up at me, with a gaze in which horror grew and deepened.

"Do you not know me, my love?" I asked. "It is Tavernay. See," and I snatched off Pasdeloup's knotted headgear.

The warm color flooded her face and she sat suddenly upright.

"Then it was you!" she gasped, "it was you!"

"Yes," and I laughed with the sheer joy of seeing her again so full of life. "It was I at whom you discharged your pistol. An inch to the right and I should not be talking to you now," and I placed my finger on the still-smarting scratch across my cheek.

She gave one glance at it, then fell forward, sobbing, her face between her hands. What would I not have given to take her in my arms, to hold her close to my heart, to kiss away those tears! But even in that moment, there was about her something that held me back; something which recalled the promise I had made her; something which bade me remember that she was in my care, defenseless; that she trusted me, and that to abuse that trust were infamous. So I stilled the hot pulsing of my blood as far as in me lay, and even succeeded in speaking with a certain coldness.

"Mademoiselle," I said, touching her delicate, quivering shoulder, "it was nothing—or, rather, it was just what you should have done. The fault was wholly mine. I should not have burst in upon you like that. But I was so worried, so anxious to know that you were safe. You were right in shooting. If you had killed me, it would have been no more than I deserved. I blame only myself, and bitterly. I was a fool. I hope you will find it in your heart to pardon me."

Her sobs had ceased and as I finished, she threw back her hair and sat erect again. I saw with astonishment and relief that she was smiling—and I found her smile as disturbing as her tears.

"Then we are quits, are we not, monsieur," she asked, "since we each have made a mistake?"

"You did not make a mistake," I protested, "so we are not quits until you have forgiven me."

She held out her hand with a charming gesture.

"You are forgiven," she said, "so far as you need forgiveness. And now," she continued, drawing away the hand which I had not the courage to relinquish and rising quickly to her feet, "what are your plans?"

"There is, down yonder," I answered, "a charming little brook, which purls over the stones and stops to loiter, here and there, in the basins of the rock. The water is very cool and clear."

"Then come!" she cried. "Ah, I am desperately thirsty and frightfully dirty. I am quite ashamed for you to see me!"

"I was just marveling," I retorted, "that you had kept yourself so immaculate. I cannot understand it."

"Immaculate!" she echoed, and set off down the slope.

But suddenly she stopped.

"Shall we return?" she asked. "Shall we see the cave again?"

"No, I think not," I answered; "we must be starting westward."

"Then I must say good-by to it," and she ran back to the entrance, drew aside the curtain and fell upon her knees. I saw her throw a kiss into the darkness and her head bent for a moment as though in prayer. I, too, closed my eyes and prayed God that He would give me strength to guide this woman through to safety.

At last she arose and rejoined me.

"It is a lovable cave," she said, "and it kept us safe. It would have been ungrateful to go away without a word of thanks," and somehow for me, as for her, the cavern in that instant assumed a personality, benign and cheerful; I could fancy it glowing with pleasure at thought of this good deed.

"You were right," I agreed. "But then you are always right."

"Oh, no," she protested quickly. "Sometimes I am very wrong. But you will discover that for yourself."

"Shall I? When?"

All too soon, I fear," and she looked at me with a curious little smile.

"I don't believe it!" I retorted, with conviction.

But she only smiled again, in a way I could not understand, and blushed and went on without speaking. Who can read a woman's thoughts? Certainly not I!

I was fiercely, madly happy. For the moment, no thought of the future, of its penalties and duties, shadowed me. I was content to be here with this brave and lovely girl, alone with her, a comrade and friend. Since nothing more was possible—since to friend and comrade I could not add lover—I would yet be happy in what was granted me. And that I must be content with this, I saw too well—not in any coldness or aversion, but by a subtle change of manner, the merest nuance of expression, which, at the same time, kept me near to her and yet held me far away. On the tower she had permitted my endearments, had even raised her lips to mine; but that was looking in the face of death, at a moment when we need take no thought for the future, at a moment when she had wished to comfort me and herself stood in need of comfort. But we had emerged from that shadow, there was the future again to be reckoned with, and between us an impalpable but invulnerable veil was stretched, which I must never hope to pass.

We reached the brook, and I placed two broad flat stones at the edge of a little pool where the lucid water paused for an instant before pursuing its course along the rocky way, and watched her while she stooped and drank. She had cast aside her cloak, and I noted with a clear delight the soft curve of her arms, the slim grace of neck and shoulders.

"Now it is your turn, my friend," she said, and made room for me.

I knelt and drank, too. How good the water tasted! How it cleansed and purified the parched throat, how it heartened the whole body! But at last I could drink no more.

"And now I shall use some of it externally," she said, as I stood aside, and I sat down on a nearby rock to enjoy the spectacle.

She rolled back her sleeves and bound her hair in a tight coil upon her head. Then from some hidden pocket she produced a handkerchief, and dipping it in the stream, applied it vigorously to face and neck. I saw her skin glow and brighten under the touch of the cool water; she seemed like a nymph——

Suddenly she looked aside and caught my eyes.

"Is this the first time you have seen a lady at her toilet, M. de Tavernay?" she asked, witheringly.

"The very first, mademoiselle."

"And do you feel no compunctions of conscience for keeping your seat there?"

"Not in the least," I answered calmly. "I must see that no enemy surprises you."

"From which direction would an enemy come?"

"Probably from down the valley."

"You have eyes, then, in the back of your head? How fortunate!"

"Oh, I glanced around from time to time," I explained coolly. "Surely, mademoiselle, you would not deny me the pleasure I have in looking at you! That would be heartless!"

She glanced at me again, with a little pout.

"But I should think that you yourself would feel the need of a bath," she retorted.

"So that you might feel some pleasure in looking at me?" I asked. "I know I must appear a most hideous scoundrel; my skin is fairly stiff with the dirt upon it; and yet I dare not touch it with water."

"Dare not?"

"A clean skin would hardly be in keeping with this clothing," I pointed out.

"That is true," she admitted, with a swift glance over it. "But why did you assume such a disguise? Who will see you?"

"Many people, I am afraid. In the first place, we must have food."

"It is useless to deny that I am very hungry," she agreed.

"Instead of seeking food, I fell asleep," I confessed, miserably. "I shall never forgive myself."

"Nonsense! We both needed rest first of all. Indeed, I find the pangs of hunger exhilarating—and how I shall relish the food when we get it! But continue; who else shall you meet?"

"In the second place," I went on, "I must ask my way, since I am wholly unfamiliar with the country."

"Yes, of course."

"And in the third place, in a country even thinly settled, we must be prepared for chance encounters. To all the people we meet I must appear a peasant in order to protect you."

"To protect me?"

"Yes—you are my prisoner—a spoil of war—there is a price on your head, which I am very anxious to secure. I may even be a little brutal with you."

"I pardon you in advance," she smiled, "for I know that He heard the oath and approved it."

She sat looking at me a moment longer, then passed her hand before her eyes and rose to her feet.

"You will keep she vow," M. de Tavernay," she said quietly; "I am sure of it. And the same God who listened and approved will see you safe through for your guerdon at the end."

"My guerdon!" I stammered, startled out of my self-control. "Ah, mademoiselle, I crave no guerdan; at least there is only one—"

She was looking at me steadily and the words died upon my lips, for the veil had fallen again between us.

"Come, monsieur," she said in another tone, "we must be setting forward. See, it is growing dark."

(To Be Continued.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

CUNNING OF RATS.

Rats are too cunning to be caught, more than one or two in the same trap. They instinctively avoid the familiar forms of ready prepared for use devices. Rats are smart, but Rough on Rats beats them; fool the Rats and Mice, but never fools the buyer; will keep a thousand years, unchanged in any climate. Being a dry, odorless, tasteless powder, and all, 95 per cent, poison, with no cheap, inert admixture, can be mixed each time to use it with a different food, thus disguising it in many ways, completely outwitting them. Being powerful, is better not mixed too strong, about 1 part to 20 of food used. Not poisonous to handle, only so when eaten. Rough on Rats is no experiment, has been used all around the world 40 years by Individuals, Cities, Institutions, States and Governments. Equally effective for Roaches, Beetles, Ants and Bed Bugs. Try it for Roaches and Beetles, mixed 1 to 30 of mashed potatoes.

ROUGH ON RATS IN OUT BUILDINGS.

In setting Rough on Rats in out buildings after mixing it well with any food decided upon, separate into small bits, place on several pieces of boards, and put these here and there under the floors. Close up all openings large enough for Dogs, Cats or Chickens to enter, but leave some small openings for Rats to get in and out. One 25c box of Rough on Rats, being all poison, will make enough mixture to clear out, in one or two nights' setting, hundreds (two or three thousand) of Rats and Mice. Not poisonous to handle, only so when eaten. It is "the old reliable," the "unbeatable exterminator." "Don't die in the house." Beware of imitations, refuse substitutes upon which dealers may make a greater profit. 15c, 25c, 75c, at Druggists. Economy in the larger sizes.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I desire to raise cowpeas for feed for cows and hogs, and also as a crop to plow under. They have never been raised in this locality, and I am at a loss to know how to begin. I will feel very grateful to anyone who will enlighten me through the Farmstead.—S., Sherrett, Pa.

Will some one kindly tell me the proper method of burning out stumps?—M., Denison, Kas.

Will some Farmstead reader tell me how to tan calf skins for rawhide?—R., Hereford, Texas.

My red plum trees do not bear. They are seven or eight years old and always bloom in April, but never have more than one or two plums on. What must I do for them?—K., Ellamore, W. Va.

FAVORS THE INCUBATOR

"The incubator, like the automobile, has come to stay," says a writer in the St. Louis Weekly Star Farmer. "All the arguments against it cannot put it out of business. Its successes are more than its failures, and poultry raisers all over the land are using them. The incubator will set at any time, and that is more than you can say of a hen. Many a poultry raiser has wanted early chickens, but the hens just would not become broody. So finally, after fretting over the matter without avail, an incubator was bought and the question settled.

"The early chick is an argument in favor of the incubator. He gets a good growth before the vermin of summer come to prey upon his body, and if marketed early he brings a good price. The pullets that are kept from the early hatch make the best winter layers. Then the incubator man can raise more chickens than the one who simply depends on the hen to get a start. The incubator man begins early and runs his machine late. He can have young chickens most any time of the year he desires. This is a point in the incubator's favor."

ALSIKE CLOVER

Alsike clover is rapidly gaining in favor with farmers as a dairy feed and more of it is being sown every year. It has pink blossoms, tri-foliate compound leaves, is larger than the white or Dutch clover, and not so large as red clover. It appears to be a cross between the little white and mammoth red clover, although as yet no experimental artificial crossing of these two have produced it.

Most farmers know the value of the clovers for feed and for improving the soil. The advantage in alsike clover is that it will grow on land too sour to grow the mammoth red clover. It also will thrive with less humus in the soil and will stand dry weather well. The roots are small, and hence breaking and rotting the alsike clover sod is easy. When the alsike clover field is plowed up and harrowed the soil is light, friable, and can be easily made in the best condition for all kinds of seeding.

The first crop of alsike clover can be cut for hay from the middle to the last of June in central latitudes. Not being so large or so rank growth as red clover, it is more easily cured and can be stored and kept with safety after a few hours' good sunning and airing when mown. It is about the same in composition and mineral matter. Some prefer it to all other hay for feeding stock.

The seeds of alsike clover are smaller than red clover, hence a less quantity is required for sowing an acre of land. Seeding may be done any time in midsummer on previously plowed and well cultivated land, or it may be done in early spring with wheat or oats. Some sow tre seed to corn at the last cultivation where the land is intended for pasture the following year. The last crop of alsike may be cut for seed or cow feed or used for pasture.

THE FREE SEED SYSTEM

It would be well if the farmers could be heard from on the question of sending out free seeds from congressmen to the voters in their districts. Among the objections to the system is the great expense to the government for purchase of seeds, putting up, mailing, etc. There are about 5,000,000 packages sent out annually, or some 20,000 packages by each representative. Another objection is that the seeds are rarely of any account, and they are nothing rare or new, but such as can be bought at any grocery store. It was the intent when the law was first passed to use the amount appropriated in buying new and valuable seeds in foreign countries, which were not to be had otherwise. It was a wise and worthy purpose in that early day when our seed establishments were few and small, but is entirely unnecessary now, when anything new and good abroad is quickly picked up and propagated by our enterprising seedsmen and put on the market.

As to common varieties it seems much the better plan to patronize well known and reliable firms, and thus be sure of getting the genuine, well grown article desired, or hold the sender responsible if a mistake is made or the plant does not prove true to name and description. Do the farmers desire to have the free seed distribution system continued, is the question?—Indiana Farmer.

SMUTS OF SORGHUM

Smuts are very serious enemies to cultivated crops, hence, they have received a great deal of attention from the national department of agriculture. Recently the department has issued a circular on sorghum smuts. The objects of this circular are (1) to call attention to these dangerous pests; (2) to warn farmers of the dangers of introducing them into new localities; and (3) to suggest simple methods of getting rid of these smuts.

The term "sorghum" as here used includes not only the sweet sorghums, but Kaffir corn, milo, and dura (known in some sections as Egyptian corn). As the growth of different varieties of sorghum as grain and forage crops is rapidly extending, it is very important that farmers should prevent the spread of smuts by using seed that is free from the disease or by treating the seed.

The kind of smut most commonly found on sorghums in this country is that which affects the individual grains in the seed head. If seed is taken from a field affected by this smut, it can be freed from contamination by soaking for an hour in a solution of 1 pound of formalin in 30 gallons of water. Water heated to about 135 degrees F. is also effective in destroying the spores. Full directions for treatment are given in this circular, which is for free distribution.

A FRIENDLY GROCER.

Dropped a Valuable Hint About Coffee.

"For about eight years," writes a Mich. woman, "I suffered from nervousness—part of the time down in bed with nervous prostration.

"Sometimes I would get numb and it would be almost impossible for me to speak for a spell. At other times I would have severe bilious attacks, and my heart would flutter painfully when I would walk fast, or sweep.

"I have taken enough medicine to start a small drug store, without any benefit. One evening our grocer was asking Husband how I was and urged that I quit coffee and use Postum, so he brought home a pkg. and I made it according to directions and we were both delighted with it.

"So we quit coffee altogether and used only Postum. I began to get better in a month's time and look like another person, the color came back to my cheeks, I began to sleep well, my appetite was good and I commenced to take on flesh and become interested in everything about the house.

"Finally I was able to do all my own work without the least sign of my old trouble. I am so thankful for the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.' It has done me so much good. I haven't taken medicine of any kind for six months and don't need any.

"A friend of ours who did not like Postum as she made it, liked mine, and when she learned to boil it long enough, hers was as good as mine. It's easy if you follow directions." Read the little book. "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

What Causes Increased Corn Yield?

By Arthur J. Bill.

In preparing an article upon "Corn, Our Greatest Food Crop," which was published in the October number of The National Food Magazine, Chicago, the writer secured several letters from successful and experienced corn growers in Illinois, all personally known to him and most of whose farms he had visited, giving their reports and opinions as to the actual increase of corn yields and the reasons for the same. The article maintained that large improvement of the crop had been brought about by study and tests at the Illinois experiment station and the efforts of the Corn Growers' and Seed Corn Breeders' associations of the state, especially in the breeding of corn, selection of seed and score card judging of corn exhibits throughout the state. Following are most significant items in these letters, including several not used in the magazine article:

Aside from the soil problem involved, how much, in actual practice, has the corn yield increased in any community you know the past 10 or 15 years?

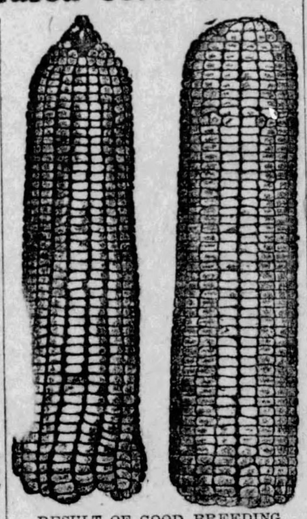
Answers—John McCarty, Douglas county: "From 5 to 10 bushels." Eugene D. Funk, McClean county: "The corn yield of this entire county has increased from 5 to 20 bushels per acre wherever close attention has been given to careful selection of seed corn, the curing of the same, and increased in proportion to the amount of care given to the breeding of the highest strains." F. L. Mann, Iroquois county: "The improvement in corn has just about balanced the decline in fertility."

James L. Reid, originator of Reid's Yellow Dent corn, Vermillion county: "In my own neighborhood, as a result of improved seed corn and the better cultivation of corn, the yield has increased from 7 to 10 bushels per acre." H. A. Winter: "Eight bushels per acre, and much more if tilling were considered in the east half of Marshall county." C. A. Rowe, Morgan county: "Soil fertility has decreased, but better methods of cultivation and seed selection and distribution—I mean planting graded corn and planting thinner—have maintained, if not increased the yield."

Leigh F. Maxey: "I think well bred corn and improved methods of culture very thoroughly understood and practiced in all parts of Illinois, except upon poor lands. Perhaps the yield has been increased as much as 10 bushels per acre in counties such as Sangamon." W. H. Young, Menard county: "In 10 years the growing of improved seed corn has increased more than 75 per cent in this locality and the yield has increased at least 10 per cent." William Webb: "In Will county the yield has increased from 15 to 25 per cent and the quality has improved still more."

How much of this improvement has resulted from the efforts of the Illinois Corn Growers, the Illinois Corn Breeders, the agricultural experiment station and college men, and the publicity given to their doings?

Answers—Mr. Funk: "Largely." Mr. McCarty: "All of it." Mr. Reid: "This increase in yield is due to improved seed furnished the farmers by seed corn breeders, the improved methods of growing corn brought out by our agricultural college men, and by corn growers placing this improved corn before the farmers at corn shows." Mr. Winter: "Almost wholly due to the great agitation of the corn problem, except the gain from tiling." Mr. Rowe: "Most all, but indirectly; that is, by farmers who do not read and study, copying the methods of those who do." Mr. Maxey: "All of this improvement." Mr. Young: "All." Mr. Webb: "At least 75 per cent."



RESULT OF GOOD BREEDING.

The owner of a fast trotting mare does not breed her to a scrub animal and expect a high-class colt to result. The corn grower cannot hope to obtain high-grade corn from poor seed. The principles of breeding are the same in all cases—they never vary. Plant high-grade seed corn.

In seed and in cultivation, how many bushels per acre increase in corn yield may any sensible, intelligent, eager learner expect by applying what the above agencies teach, as compared with the common run of farmers who disregard such education and methods?

Answers—Mr. McCarty: "Five to 40 bushels." Mr. Mann: "Practically all farmers grow improved strains and thus indirectly are benefited. Compared to corn of 15 years ago, present corn will yield 10 to 15 bushels better." Mr. Funk: "Many bushels per acre." Mr. Reid: "When I moved to my present location I brought with me by request a few bushels of seed for my neighbors. All reported an increase of over 10 bushels per acre over corn grown from their own seed. One man claimed to have a 17 bushel increase." Mr. Winter: "Five to 20 bushels per acre, due to seed selection and cultivation alone over the old happy-go-lucky way of farming." Mr. Rowe: "Twenty-five bushels." Mr. Maxey: "Twenty bushels per acre." Mr. Young: "From 10 to 30 bushels per acre." Mr. Webb: "From 10 to 20 bushels per acre."

What has the effect of this corn education meant as against the old order of commercial seedsmen with their scoop shovel selection of seed corn at any elevator or crib?

Answers—Mr. Funk: "The scoop shovel selection of seed corn from the crib the day before planting should be put down as history and no longer practiced. It is entirely guess work and absolutely impractical at this day and age." Mr. Mann: "Not far from 10 bushels per acre." Mr. McCarty: "It has meant much, but I cannot estimate it in dollars and cents." Mr. Maxey: "Farmers might grow 10 bushels per acre by more carefully selecting seed over the old method of seedsmen's selection. Have met two men in my institute work who say they increased their yield from 35 to 70 bushels per acre one certain season by purchasing good seed."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

The Veterinarian Replies to the Perplexed Readers.

(Dr. A. S. Alexander, Wisconsin College of Agriculture.)

Papura Haemorrhagica.

One of our horses that was getting over an attack of distemper suddenly had all of its legs swell up to a great size and a big swelling came under the belly. There was a discharge from the nostrils and in them I saw a lot of purple spots. The horse died after ten days of sickness, its head swelling greatly a day or two before death. What has the matter, and do you think the horse could have been saved?—C. M., Michigan.

Reply—You have given a good description of the disease known as purpura haemorrhagica, which sometimes attacks a weak horse that is recovering from influenza. The swellings are characteristic in that they have sharp lines of demarcation where they stop. The leg swells from below up and stops suddenly as if a string were tied around the leg. In lymphangitis (milk leg) and some other forms of swelling the enlargement has no such sudden stopping place, but merges gradually into the unaffected parts. The purple spots also are quite characteristic. In this disease the red corpuscles of the blood are deficient in numbers and the serum of the blood in excess. Affected parts should be let alone unless in the case of the head. If swelling at that point tends to obstruct the nostrils and cause suffocation the swelling should be persistently bathed with hot water and short pieces of strong rubber hose may have to be inserted in the nostrils. Many affected horses are saved by giving large doses of quinine, tincture of iron and sweet spirits of nitrous ether at short intervals. The horse should, while sick, have as much fresh air as possible, and its appetite should be tempted with a variety of food. Such cases have to be cared for by a graduate veterinarian, whose efforts will be attended by a fair degree of success.

Diseased Molar Tooth.

A good ewe that is in lamb cannot chew her hay properly. She eats for a while and then forms in her cheek and she won't eat any more until we pull out the lot of chewed hay that she has collected between the teeth and cheek. The cheek is swollen. How can we stop this trouble?—J. U., Wisconsin.

Reply—Carefully examine the molar teeth at the place where the feed collects. Probably a molar tooth is split, loose or diseased and must be extracted; in the trouble should promptly subside. In some cases we have found a large abcess at the point mentioned and on opening it and removal of pus the sheep has soon gone to eating with comfort. Any foreign body lodged in the gums or cheeks also may cause "quidding" such as you describe.

Lame Cow.

I think one of our cows was kicked by a horse, for she is lame and there is a hot, sore swelling on her hip and one place slightly below, on the thigh, is somewhat soft. What can be done for her? She is a good milker usually, but her milk is drying off since the swelling showed up.—N. J., Minnesota.

Reply—It seems more than likely that the cow has had a fall upon her hip or hit the point of the hip bone against a door post or other object so that the tuberosity has been broken off. We suspect that pus is present where the soft place is noticeable. Make an opening to let the pus out and at the same time see if there is a bit of broken bone to come away. After the operation flush out the wound with a 2 per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and then pack the cavity with oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Renew the dressing once daily after flushing out the cavity.

HANDY ARRANGEMENT

On the south 160 acres of the J. H. Maxcy home place, in Sangamon county, Ill., was seen an arrangement of fields that is coming to be recognized as the most handy for a rotation system, with provision for live stock in every field. The land is divided into four equal fields, with a windmill and well at the center. When a field has been in grass two years it is plowed up and put into corn. The rotation is two years of corn and one year of grass. That accounts for three of the fields; the fourth is poorer soil and will be kept in grass for several years. As two of these fields are in corn each year and two are in grass. Water is equally handy to each of the four fields.

THE HOG PEN

Board floors are better than dirt floors, as a rule, for pigs. They can be kept cleaner and are not so filthy. Use board floors in the sleeping apartments where there is a double floor with two thicknesses between and there are no drafts to sicken the pigs. Brood sow pens should be about six by eight feet and the uncovered pen in front about the same size. Cement floors are pretty wet and damp under ordinary conditions to be used as farrowing pens. Cottage pens are very good. It is very necessary in raising swine to change the location of the houses from time to time, as it is bad to have pigs in the same location very many years at a time. This can be overcome by not having any hogs for at least four or five months in winter in the pens used for farrowing. If the pens are cleaned in the fall there is less danger of keeping hogs in one place year after year.

FIVE-YEAR TESTS

According to the Purdue university agricultural experiment station, the following conclusions can be relied upon in pig feeding:

1. Skim milk is the most efficient supplement to shelled corn or corn meal.

2. Soy bean meal is as good as linseed meal to make pork.

3. Tankage is best of commercial feeds for fattening hogs.

4. Previous treatment and condition of hogs when fattening begins have a great influence on later gains as kind of feed used.

5. After five years' tests, it is found there is an increase in rate of gain, decrease in cost of grain, higher finish, greater profit, from use of supplement with shelled corn or corn meal than when no supplement is used with corn or corn meal in fattening hogs.

NEW DEPARTURE IN ARKANSAS FARMING

A movement is taking place on Arkansas farms which is both novel and remarkable in the history of farming. It is no less than a practical application of the experience of the United States agricultural department, under the supervision of the agent of the department, to the farms of the country, a movement unknown in the older farm sections of the country. For the year 1910 there are over 5,000 Arkansas farms being cultivated under the direct supervision of the agricultural department.

In order to bring about this revolution in agriculture and to bring farming up to the scientific basis, the department made a proposition to the counties of the state to send a department expert to each county which would co-operate with the department. For meeting the expense of the expert the department agrees to pay $300 toward his salary, the county to pay the balance. The work is under the direction of Special Agent Evans and of District Agent Apple, the latter stationed at the capital and having control of over 5,000 agents in the various counties of the state.

The scope and purpose of the work may be best understood by an outline of the work of Special Agent Haden, who is stationed in Sebastian county, in which Fort Smith is located. Fort Smith raised $1,200 and the government appropriated $300 to meet Mr. Haden's salary, and he is at present organizing the work in the county.

He is selecting 100 farms scattered throughout the country. On each farm the owner agrees to set aside a 10-acre tract to be farmed under the direction of the department expert. Farm work begins this month and the expert will first direct the preparation of the soil, giving instruction in each instance as to what fertilizers may be needed; will supply the seed under direction of the department and direct the methods of cultivation. An important feature will be the development of the kind of crop best adapted to the soil on each tract and the results of rotation of crops.

Grouped around each of the 100 farms, nearly every farmer is preparing to take advantage of the work and methods and apply them to their own farming. In this manner the benefits will spread throughout the whole country. Especial attention is being made to awaken interest in stock growing as a necessary adjunct to cropping the farms. Already steps are being taken to awaken greater interest in dairying, breeding of hogs and fruit growing.

What this will mean to Sebastian county may be understood when it is realized that the soil is adapted to two crops per year in most truck lines and to winter wheat and rye growing. It may be a matter of surprise to the farmers of the north and east to learn that while they and their sons are traveling through the southwest and west in search of dry and irrigated lands and paying from $50 to $100 per acre, there is a large portion of the lands in this section where the annual rain fall is above 40 inches, lands may yet be purchased at from $15 to $50 per acre, and that they will pay for themselves in fruits and crops in two to three years.

Stops Lameness

Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect.

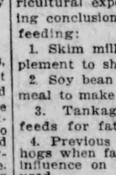
See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating — goes right to the spot — relieves the soreness — limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 43, writes: — "I have used your Liniment on a horse for sweeney and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. In my estimation the best remedy for lameness and soreness is

Sloan's Liniment

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R.F.D. No. 3, writes: — "Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one 50c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."



Sloan's Liniment will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

A Smile or Two.

Sapleigh—Bah Jove, you know an idea is occurred to me—

Miss Pert (interrupting)—Pardon me, Mr. Sapleigh; isn't that more than a mere occurrence? I should call it an event.—Boston Transcript.

"Young man do you think you can support my daughter in the way she has been accustomed?"

"Before or since?"

"Before or since what?"

"Before or since the panic."—Judge.

"How's your son making it out in business?" was asked the first capitalist.

"Very well, indeed," replied the other; "he's got a quarter of a million."

"Why, you started him with a million, didn't you?"

"Yes, and it's two months now since he started operations in Wall street."—Catholic Standard.

Rose-Colored Statement.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Jane Addams, the head of Hull house, said at a luncheon of the Chicago Civic club:

"We women still have much to fight for. Our battle will be long and difficult. Well, let us frankly admit it. There is nothing to be gained by such rose-colored phrases as William White employed.

"William White's brother had killed a man in cold blood.

"'Well, William, how about your brother?' a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial.

"'Well,' said William, 'they've put him in jail for a month.'

"'That's rather light sentence for a cold-blooded murder,' said the gentleman.

"'Yes sir,' William admitted, 'but at the month's end they're going to hang him.'"

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED

Kentucky's Straight Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $5., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

ADDRESS MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 213 COVINGTON KY.

SOLE OWNERS U.S. Reg. Dist'y No. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N.Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 4 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15. by prepaid freight. Write for express terms

Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

12 FULL BOTTLES 100 Proof Lackland WhisKey $4.80 Express Prepaid

SEND us $4.80 and we will send you, express prepaid, 12 full 16-ounce bottles of 100-proof straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY.

This special offer is made for the purpose of acquainting you with the merits of LACKLAND Whiskey. If we did not believe that each order we fill means more regular patrons for LACKLAND Whiskey, we could not afford to make this offer.

LACKLAND Whiskey is pure, wholesome and mellow; every drop is real whiskey, with the right flavor to it. You CAN'T get a better whiskey. It is straight 100-proof, *guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.* It is highly recommended for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength.

LACKLAND Whiskey is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. You may try any bottle, and if it does not come up to your fullest expectation return the other eleven and we will promptly refund the money. All shipments made the same day order is received. Make remittance by Postal or Express Money Order, or St. Louis or New York Exchange, payable to

Lackland Dist. Co., Dept. 80 ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTICE:—All orders from Colo., Ariz., New Mex., Nev., Idaho, Utah, N. Dak., Mont. and Pacific Coast States must be accompanied by $12.00 for *24 Bottles, Express Prepaid.* Write for complete price list of Lackland Fine Liquors.

UPON APPLICATION

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

Purity and age guarantee Good Whiskey. Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. Guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Laws. Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a favorite with connoisseurs the world over. Over 100,000 satisfied customers. We are U. S. Registered Distillers (Distillery No. 360, 5th Dist., of Ky.). Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct

We Prepay All Express Charges

8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram $5.00 PRIVATE STOCK

4 Qts. Rieger's Monogram $3.00 EXTRA FINE

FREE WITH EACH ORDER Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor, smoothness and all the essentials of GOOD Whiskey. Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

J. RIEGER & CO., 1541 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Full Quart Whiskey FREE

Try It At Our Expense

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 3-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has *real whiskey* strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people. Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 3 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 3 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 3 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business, we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address order and letters and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr. or

Fels Distilling Co.

154 Fels Building Kansas City, Mo.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Will you please give a short account of the Chinese wall?—A. T. S. Endicott, Va.

The erection of the Chinese wall is said to have been started about 214 B. C., and completed in 204 B. C. It has been reported to be 1728 miles long, extending from the sea shore on the gulf of Pe-che-lee westward beyond Soo-Choo, on the borders of Turkestan, by a zigzag through a belt over 300 miles in width, its northern limit being north of Pekin. It passes up steep mountains and down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys, and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. This wall is 20 feet thick at the bottom and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet high, with flanking turrets 35 to 40 feet high every 200 or 300 yards. The exterior faces are blocks of well-cut granite, laid in excellent mortar; within it is filled with close-packed earth and stones. The upper surface is paved with bricks a foot square, laid several inches thick, forming an excellent passage.

FOREIGN LEGATIONS

Please give the names of the foreign countries that have legations in Washington.—E. K. S., Elmore, O.

The following countries have legations in Washington: Argentine Republic, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Salvador, Siam, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Uruguay.

CIRCUIT JUDGES

Please name the circuit judges of the United States, and also the judge of the circuit court in which the state of Michigan lies.—A. E. D., Gladwin, Mich.

The judges of circuit one are Le Baron B. Colt, William L. Putnam, Francis G. Lowell; of circuit two, E. Henry Lacombe, Alfred G. Coxe, Henry G. Ward, Walter C. Noyes; of three, George Gray; Joseph Buffington, William F. Lanning; of four, Nathan Goff, Jeter T. Pritchard; of five, Don A. Pardee, A. P. McCormick, David D. Shelby; of six, Henry F. Severens, John W. Warrington, and one vacancy; of seven, Peter S. Grosscup, Francis E. Baker, William H. Seaman, Christian C. Kohlsaat; of eight, Walter H. Sanborn, Willis Van Devanter, William C. Hook, Elmer B. Adams; of nine, William B. Gilbert, Erskine M. Ross, and William W. Morrow.

Michigan is in the sixth circuit.

FREE Whiskey

Half Pint of the Famous Camp Spring

A genuine pure, straight Whiskey, guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Laws. Send us 25c, to pay expressage, and we will send you a handsome, heavily nickeled, screw top flask filled with Camp Spring Whiskey and a beautiful, ornamental, aluminum drinking cup—All Free. Express paid. Send at once and let us prove to you, at our expense that Camp Spring Whiskey is the purest, mellowest and most delicious whiskey Kentucky ever produced. Or send us $5 for 4 full quart bottles Camp Spring, express prepaid, and we will send along, free, the half-pint flask and drinking cup.

Consumers Dist. Co., 1470 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

100 PROOF WHISKEY

3 GALS. $5

No Less Than 3 Gallons Shipped

PURE STRAIGHT WHISKEY BIG OFFER

RETURN THIS ADVERTISEMENT (with your order)

To show new customers what we can send in exchange for their hard earned dollars, we are willing to lose $10,000.00 by cutting the price on our Pure Straight Whiskey and name the following un-heard-of figures:

3 full gallons $3.75
4 full gallons 4.95
12 full quarts 4.50
24 full pints 4.75
we ship by express

This is regular old-time whiskey and distilled right here in Florida by honest North Carolina people. We give you overflowing measure and when the whiskey is received and tested if you don't agree it's worth $2.50 per gallon, keep 2 quarts free, return balance and *we will send back your money because it belongs to you.*

Southern Dist Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

THE CABINET

Please tell who constitute the present cabinet of President Taft.—M. E. H., Spencer, W. Va.

The members of Taft's cabinet are as follows: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson, of Tennessee; attorney-general, George W. Wickersham, of New York; postmaster-general, Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, of Missouri.

HELL GATE

Please give the exact location of Hell Gate and tell why it was so called.—S. B., Panther, W. Va.

Hell Gate is a narrow rocky part of the East river, seven miles from the Battery, or lower end of Manhattan island. The navigation of this strait was formerly dangerous and difficult, but the rocks which obstructed it have been removed. It is said that when sailing vessels used to go through this strait one in every fifty was very badly damaged.

U. S. SUPREME COURT

Please give the names of the judges of the United States supreme court.—M. B., Flora, Ill.

The chief justice is Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, appointed in 1888. The associate justices are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, apointed in 1877; David J. Brewer, of Kansas, appointed in 1889; Edward D. White, of Louisiana, appointed in 1894; Joseph McKenna, of California, appointed in 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1902; William R. Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903; William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1906, and Horace H. Lurton, of Tennessee, appointed in 1909.

RUSSELL SAGE

Will you please tell something of the life of Russell Sage?—C. B., Greenleaf, Ida.

Russell Sage, the American capitalist, was born August 4, 1816, and died in 1906. He began life as a clerk in his brother's grocery store, and in 1837 entered the retail grocery business for himself. From 1839 to 1857 he was a wholesale grocer at Troy, New York. In 1847 he was an alderman of Troy, treasurer of Rensselaer county, and a Whig member of Congress from 1853 to 1857. In 1863 he went to New York city where he began large operations in railroad and other securities. He accumulated one of the largest fortunes in America and was director of 24 large corporations before he died.

NEAL DOW

Please give a short history of the life of Neal Dow.—H. E. H., Butler, Ind.

Neal Dow, the American temperance reformer, was born March 20, 1804, and died October 2, 1897. This great temperance worker was the author of the bill which prohibited the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating liquors in the state of Maine. During the civil war Dow was colonel of a Maine regiment and brigadier-general of volunteers. In 1880 the Prohibition party nominated him as a candidate for president of the United States.

POLARIS

Please tell what is known about the pole-star.—L. M. H., Herald, W. Va.

Polaris in astronomy is one of the stars of the constellation Ursa Minor. It is at present near the north pole and many centuries must elapse before precision will cause the north pole to be defined by any other star. Two stars called the pointers in the constellation Ursa Major always point in the direction of the pole-star, and enable it to be found readily.

GOLDEN SEAL

Please tell what you can regarding golden seal.—F. A. L. J., South New Berlin, N. Y.

Golden seal is a perennial plant and grows in the wooded regions throughout the eastern United States. It sends up in early spring a hairy stem about a foot high, with large, deeply lobed leaves and a single greenish white flower, followed by a head of crimson berries which resemble a raspberry. The root-stock is gathered by country people, especially in the south, for the sake of its thick orange-yellow bark, from which a drastic and tonic medicine is made.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

THE BOILING POINT

What effect does the pressure of the atmosphere have upon the boiling point of water?—R. R., Rutland, O.

When the atmospheric pressure is low the boiling point of water is lower than the average; when the pressure is high the boiling point is higher. Thus at the city of Quito, Ecuador, water boils at 90 degrees centigrade, and on the top of Mont Blanc it boils at 84 degrees. On the other hand in the boiler of a steam engine where the pressure is 100 pounds to the square inch, the boiling point of water is 155 degrees, centigrade.

ALABAMA CLAIMS

Please explain what is meant by the Alabama claims.—H. S. R., Jesup, Ia.

The Alabama claims were the claims of the United States government against Great Britain, growing out of the depredations of the cruiser Alabama and other similar ships. Great Britain had been declared neutral in the American civil war; her citizens were not allowed to take sides with either combatant, while belligerent rights were granted to both. One of the laws of that country forbid any equipment of land or naval forces within the British dominions to operate against any friendly nation. Nevertheless the Alabama and other vessels were built in Great Britain and allowed to escape and enter the service of the Confederacy, where they inflicted great damage upon American commerce, nearly driving it from the seas. After the war our government pressed claim for compensation for damage done. In 1866 it offered to submit the whole controversy to arbitration, but Great Britain proposed limitations unacceptable to the United States. The arbitration treaty was then rejected by the senate. In 1871 a joint commission met and agreed upon the treaty of Washington, which provided for the arbitration of the Alabama claims and several other disputed matters by a board of five arbitrators, appointed respectively by the President of the United States, the Queen of England, the King of Italy, the President of Switzerland and the Emperor of Brazil. Those appointed were in the above order; Charles Francis Adams, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, Count Federigo Sclopis, M. Jacques Staempfli and Viscount Itajuba. Count Scolpis presided. The tribunal met at Geneva on December 15, 1871. It rejected the American claims for indirect damages, but decided that the government of Great Britain had been culpable in not doing more to prevent the sailing and success of the cruisers, and awarded to the United States the sum of $15,500,000 as damages.

THE STORY OF THE PEANUT SHELLS.

As everyone knows, C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not only a maker of breakfast foods, but he is a strong individualist who believes that the trades-unions are a menace to the liberty of the country.

Believing this, and being a "natural-born" scrapper for the right, as he sees it, Post, for several years past, has been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against "the Labor Trust," as he likes to call it.

Not being able to secure free and untrammeled expression of his opinions on this subject through the regular reading pages of the newspapers he has bought advertising space for this purpose, just as he is accustomed to for the telling of his Postum "story," and he has thus spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in denouncing trades-unionism.

As a result of Post's activities the people now know a whole lot about these organizations; how they are honeycombed with graft, how they obstruct the development of legitimate business, curtail labor's output, hold up manufacturers, graft upon their own membership, and rob the public. Naturally Post is hated by the trades-unionists, and intensely.

He employs no union labor, so they can not call out his men, and he defies their efforts at boycotting his products. The latest means of "getting" Post is the widespread publication of the story that a car which was recently wrecked in transmission was found to be loaded with empty peanut shells, which were being shipped from the south to Post's establishment at Battle Creek.

This canard probably originated with President John Fitzgerald of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who, it is said, stated it publicly, as truth.

Post comes back and gives Fitzgerald the lie direct. He denounces Fitzgerald's statement as a deliberate falsehood, an underhanded and cowardly attempt to injure his business, having not the slightest basis in fact. As such an effort it must be regarded. It is significant that this statement about "the peanut shells" is being given wide newspaper publicity. In the "patent inside" of an eastern country paper I find it, and the inference naturally is that labor-unionites are insidiously spreading this lie.

An institution (or a man) which will resort to moral intimidation and to physical force, that will destroy machinery and burn buildings, that will maim and kill if necessary to effect its ends, naturally would not hesitate to spread falsehood for the same purpose.

We admire Post. While we have no enmity toward labor unions, so long as they are conducted in an honest, "live-and-let-live" kind of a way, we have had enough of the tarred end of the stick to sympathize thoroughly with what he is trying to do. He deserves support. A man like Post can not be killed, even with lies. They are a boomerang, every time. Again we know, for hasn't this weapon, every weapon that could be thought of, been used (and not simply by labor unions to put us out of business, too?

I am going to drink two cups of Postum every morning from this time on, and put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts. Bully for Post!—Editorial in The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.

Eyes Cured

Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble, write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address, with full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 4107 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

Objection to the Lords.

Sydney Brooks, in the Atlantic.

The great objection to the lords is not that they occasionally reject liberal measures, but that they never reject conservative measures; not that they do one-half of their work too thoroughly, but that they do not do the other half at all. To this it may, of course, be answered that the bills brought forward by a conservative government are in general so reasonable, so little revolutionary and so much in harmony with popular wishes as to make rejection or amendment unnecessary. But the plea will hardly bear the test of fact. The education bill of 1902 and the licensing bill of 1904 were both of them measures that were vehemently resented by a majority of the British people. They were precisely the kind of measures that a strong and impartial second chamber, free from party subservience and taking the broad, national point of view, would have rejected. The lords, however, not only passed them, but strengthened some of their most obnoxious features.

"Willin'."

Housekeeper.

Moses became enamored of the dusky maiden, and, not having the courage to "pop" the question face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got her on the line he asked:

"Is dat Miss Johnsing?"

"Ya-as."

"Well, Miss Johnsing, Ise got a most important question to ask you."

"Ya-as."

"Will you marry me?"

"Ya-as. Who are you?"

He Was a Discreet Lad.

"Arthur Smith," said the teacher impatiently, "what is it you are fidgeting with?"

Although the lad colored up, he did not reply. The class "squealer," however, was ready, as usual, with full information.

"It's a pin he's got," he said triumphantly.

"Take it away from him and bring it here," said the instructor. The offending pin was taken to her, and there was no more trouble from Arthur. Presently it was the youngster's turn to read, but instead of standing up, as the other students had done, he sat still and looked frightened.

"Well, why don't you proceed with the reading?" exclaimed the teacher. "If you misbehave any more I shall make an example of you."

"Please teacher," stuttered little Arthur. "I can't stand up, 'cause the pin you took keeps my pants up."—Philadelphia Times.

When the Comet Strikes.

If Mr. Halley's comet's tail
Should wag against the earth,
A superfervid blazing flail,
To show the comet's mirth,
Just what would happen to our sphere
Upon that festal day
Would be quite difficult, I fear,
To say.

If it should hit the Kaiser Bill
Upon his royal nose,
I much suspect his sneeze would fill
The universe with woes;
And if it clipped Bill Bryan on
The tip end of his chin,
'Twould put an awful hush upon
His din.

Were it to strike our canny Scot
Lord Skibo on the chest,
And melt the hero medals hot
From off his plaidy vest,
And boil our Andrew through and through
As though he were an egg,
I wonder what would happen to
Hig leg.

If it should wag o'er Washington,
At Congress take a peek
And scrape its blazing tail upon
Joe Cannon's iron cheek,
I wonder who'd be going some
Or fall upon the trail,
That cheek of Cannon's or the com-
Et's tail.

If it should meet with Mrs. Spank-
Hurst on her speeding way
And tip the lady with its flank
In manner rather gay,
Which would be first to cry, "Enough!
I'm through already yet!"
Ald Halley's comet or the suf-
Fragette?

Were it to hit the sugar trust
A clip upon the ear
And lay it out stark in the dust,
A corpus cold and drear,
Who'd get the credit for the chill
That followed on the probe,
The comet or Collector Bil-
Lie Loeb?

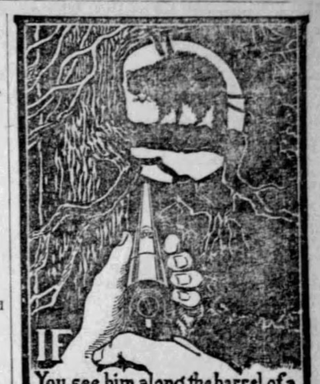
I do not know, I do not care;
That tail can go on strike
And hit the earth 'most anywhere
It happens for to like.
As long as when with rush and roar
It gets within our zone
It don't get fresh and strike me for
A loan!

Horace Dodd Gasit, in New York World.

Twain's Petrified Indian

Macon Republican.

The days when "Sam" Clemens "stuck type" on the Hannibal Union are recalled by this anecdote: One morning "Sam" came into my office very thoughtful, hung up his coat and went to his frame. He worked urgently for several hours without any copy on the case in front of him. He was setting up the story of a wonderful find he and some of his comrades made in McDougal's cave the Sunday before. The narration was to the effect that a crowd of boys, while exploring the great cave on Sunday afternoon, had run across a petrified Indian. The citizens were greatly worked up over the story; and they hired a scientist from Quincy to look the dead Indian in the face and report. The man who came in to perform the task wore gray mutton chop whiskers, a thoughtful brow and spectacles, of course. He was an unemotional chap, but he looked learned, and the committee was satisfied of his ability. By the terms of his contract he was to write a complete report, detailing every possible feature of the discovery for historical preservation. The investigator, returned at nightfall, covered with clay, with clothing torn and skin barked in countless places by falls of rock. He sought out the chairman of the committee that employed him and silently delivered to him this statement: "Mileage in looking for dead Indian, $20; reading story about dead Indian, $5; bruised shins on the way to dead Indian, $80. Report: There was no dead Indian."



You see him along the barrel of a

WINCHESTER

22 AUTOMATIC RIFLE

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WILL WASHINGTON BE NEXT SUFFRAGE STATE?

By Barclay Meldrum.

ONE of the two delegates from the state of Washington to the national convention of the Civic Federation in Washington was Mrs. Emma Smith DeVoe. Mrs. DeVoe is the president of the Washington State Suffrage association, and that fact, taken in connection with her presence as a delegate at the Civic Federation convention says a good deal concerning the status of the suffrage movement in Washington. Governors of eastern states, when appointing delegates to national conferences, do not seek the presidents of their state suffrage associations. The other Washington delegate, Mr. Todd, both voted and spoke for the suffrage bill when it passed the legislature last winter.

Other straws show which way the wind blows in Washington just now. There is in that state a lovely region called the Puyallop valley. It is the land of big red apples, those apples that weigh a pound apiece. People make $800 to $1,000 an acre from berries in the Puyallop valley. One man pays an annual expense bill of $6,000, just to send his milk to market.

Now Puyallop valley has a fair every year to which people go from all over the state. State Senator Paulhemus is president of this fair. At the last fair he asked Mrs. DeVoe to be president of woman's day. Among her vice presidents was Mrs. M. E. Hay, wife of the Republican governor of Washington, and the presidents of all the state organizations of women in Washington. The women had a procession through the fair grounds with floats. The fair association presented the suffrage association with a booth and Senator Pauhemus decorated it at his own expense.

Then the director general of the Seattle exposition asked Mrs. DeVoe to take charge of the first Sunday meeting on the exposition grounds last summer. Mrs. Devoe presided and on the platform with her sat Director General Nadeau, who is president of one of the big banks of Seattle. He introduced the president of the state suffrage association and made a speech. Judge Ben Lindsay was the speaker of the day and there was an audience of 3,000.

The bill for the suffrage amendment passed the legislature last winter 30 to 18 in the house, and 32 to 12 in the senate. The proportion seems fairly to represent the sentiment of the voters. The state federation of labor and the state grange both voted at their last meeting, not merely to endorse suffrage, but to make it a part of their local work for the year and to invite suffrage speakers to all their local meetings.

The Washington suffragists have organized a campaign unique in the history of women's organizations. They propose to ascertain by personal conversation how every voter in Washington is going to vote on the suffrage amendment next November. This task is made possible by the organization of the suffrage forces in the state.

There is not an election precinct in Washington, which is bigger than New Hampshire, Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware together, which has not its suffrage chairman. Precincts contain an average of only 150 voters each. Blanks have been suppiled to all chairmen and they go to the poll booth and list every voter in the precinct, name and address. On the blank they also add the nationality and occupation of the voter and then there is a space left for remarks.

After the voter's stand on the amendment has been ascertained he is listed on his own blank. If he is against, his reason is written down under "remarks," as is any other information that might be used at headquarters.

These blanks, as fast they are filled in, go to headquarters. The campaign committee knows from them where to put in its work. If a neighborhood is found opposed it tries to find out the reason. It organizes a meeting and secures local workers. Friendly localities which need no work are left unmolested.

Mrs. DeVoe believes that before election the suffragists will know just how every county in the state is going on the question, that they will have a pretty good idea of its majority for or against, and that they will be able to forecast pretty accurately the result in almost every election precinct. They will also have acquired a mass of information which will make very interesting reading if published.

If the measure is defeated they will know just who defeated it. This form of organization is, in reality, just what Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has been establishing this winter in New York, although worked out independently.

"There is a good reason for the Washington women's determination to vote," said Mrs. DeVoe, at a consultation in New York with suffrage leaders. "They had it once by the gift of the men of the territory and it was taken from them by the courts purely on a technicality by judges not elected in the territory but appointed by President Cleveland.

"Women first voted in Washington, in 1884, having been enfranchised by the territorial assembly of the previous year. The next two years they voted in great numbers and the result was that most of the thugs and gamblers in the frontier towns of the day found pressing business over the border in British Columbia. So real was this condition that the women of British Columbia were enfranchised simply for the sake of self protection. The women of British Columbia still have the ballot, but in Washington their right has been taken away.

"The women were unorganized and inexperienced in those days. They scarcely knew what had been done to them. They have learned it since and they are determined to again have the right which was taken from them on technicalities. As for the men, the old suffrage sentiment which caused the men of the territory to enfranchise the women is still there, fortified by the new progressive movement which has sprung up in recent years.

"The suffrage germ spreads. You can't expect a Washington woman who lives near the Idaho border and can acquire the vote by moving half a mile eastward to see much common sense or justice in the fact that she can't vote in her own state. Idaho is going to send us a woman to stump the state and pay all her expenses. Judge Ben Lindsay, the kid's judge of Denver, has promised to give us the last month of the campaign. A New York woman has given me $50 out of her own pocket since I came here. Things look bright for a new equal suffrage state in November."

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

It takes a lot of weather to make an old-fashioned winter.

Congress thinks it may adjourn May 1. It is a good idea. Stick to it.

Teaching hens how to lay smaller eggs wouldn't be a noble calling.

Fighting in Nicaragua is becoming a worse habit than smoking cigarets.

A man should not always be judged by the enemies he makes.

There are failures in every business. Even burglars make mistakes.

If Mary had her little lamb now she would be regarded as fairly well to do.

The comet's tail may look like the end of the world to some nervous people.

Seventy degrees below zero in Alaska and nobody crying for an old-fashioned winter.

"Young Taft is carrying off honors in Yale." But he can't shoot like Kermit.

Probably in years to come men will boast about how much it cost them to live in 1910.

The poet who wrote that man wants but little here below had no reference to office seekers.

John L. Sullivan is married. Evidently he believes there is still another fight left in him.

A California woman lost $1,160 through a hole in her stocking. The moral is obvious.

Dr. Charcot says he did not discover the South Pole. His frank admission will save a lot of argument.

If all the men who think about going back to the farm should go, there would be a surplus of farmers.

Women are generally supposed to do a lot of talking, but the wives of college professors never get half a chance.

Economy is a great thing. By saving its money the sugar trust had $600,000 ready to pay back to the government.

Telling a congressman where to get on and off should be regarded as one of the duties of good citizenship.

"Chickens may be kept nine months," says Dr. Wiley. Much depends on the character of the neighborhood one lives in.

John D. Rockefeller is a patient and forbearing man. Nobody has heard him complain of the high cost of living.

A Chicago baby has been born with several teeth, but it knows nothing about the subject of Fletcherizing its food.

The price of brooms, it is announced, threatens to go to $1 each. Yet nobody eats brooms as a regular diet.

"Sometimes a bald head is above reproach," says an eastern newspaper. Probably when worn by an extremely tall man.

Among the big coming events are Halley's comet's tail, scheduled for May, and Theodore Roosevelt's return in June.

Activity in the suffrage movement would be a good thing for many a wife. It would take her mind off her husband and other worries.

Speaker Cannon, if he is superstitious, may yet be able to distinguish something ominous in connection with the comet's fiery tail.

Two thousand five hundred sailors in the American navy cannot swim. We suppose it isn't necessary to advise them not to rock the boat.

Halley's comet is said to be 1,000,000 times as big as the earth. Which isn't likely to please the man who thinks he owns the earth.

English suffragettes are going to quit fighting with umbrellas and brickbats and will try the method of talking an arm off the opposition.

A Harvard professor says corsets are good for the moral and spiritual condition of women. But the women have other reasons for wearing them.

One doctor says rheumatism can be cured by cutting out the tonsils. Sounds just as reasonable as the old method of carrying a potato in one's pocket.

A New Jersey man found $5,000 in a Bible his grandmother gave him 35 years ago. Some of those old-fashioned grandmothers had a fine sense of humor.

A California paper has found 32 reasons for the high cost of living. The game is getting almost as interesting as that of guessing the number of beans in a jar.

The weather man at Pittsburg says the groundhog has been wrong for three successive years. It is not believed anything could be gained by submitting the case to Copenhagen.

Here is a brief description a Kansas editor gives of a speech recently made by a congressman. "His celluloid cuffs rattled like a barn door in a high wind." That kind of speech would not be interesting if printed in the Congressional Record.

THE UNWORRIED WEST.

It would appear that western business interests haven't paid very serious attention to the literature connected with the recent slump in Wall Street. The renewal of panic conditions predicted by one of the big brokerage houses hasn't apparently raised the pulse beat of the westerners or compelled the building of a single cyclone cellar this side of the Alleghenies.

For plans are proceeding in this part of the country as if the year 1910 was to be one of great prosperity. In the last few weeks the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad has bought land, drawn blue-prints and let contracts for the building of a great coal and ore dock in Toledo harbor. Unless there were promise of a big iron trade in the coming season the railroads would not tie up money upon improvements for uncertain profits. A new insurance company has been floated in Toledo. Insurance is a fair weather business. The grain trade of this port is to be expanded by the building of a great marine leg which will make Toledo an important milling point for spring wheat as it is now an important centre of winter wheat milling. One million dollars has been set aside by the Continental Sugar company of Cleveland for the erection of a refinery in Toledo. Factory construction of this size is not undertaken in times of depression.

Whenever Wall Street has an attack of indigestion it imediately tells the country how bad it feels. The error it makes is in diagnosing itself as the whole fibre and framework of the republic.

REGULATION OF THE AIR.

Laws have been passed by Germany, France and Switzerland having to do with the traffic of the air. The city of Paris has fixed a duty for the entrance of aeroplanes in keeping with the duties collected at the gates upon automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles.

It will not be long before legislation governing flying will be general. There must be laws regulating speed and the height to be flown. Lanes of traffic will have to be mapped out if there are to be many machines. Certain types may have to be kept upon one level while other patterns journey through their individual planes. The policing of the air is going to be a tough nut for the lawmayers to crack. State boundaries and the borders of nations are to become exceedingly indefinable.

The most interesting one of the difficulties so far foreseen relates to the ownership of the air. Under the common law a property holder owns all the ground beneath him and all the air above. How is he going to warn off the trespassers upon his atmosphere and how is he going to collect damages for trespass? Judge James W. Gerard, of the supreme court of New York, says a property owner can enforce an order against flying over the land so far as the law gives him that privilege, but, in case of suit, he will gain little recompense. "Such an owner," he says, "could not collect more than six cents, unless the aeroplane did damage to the property. It would be simply a case of injury without damage."

Automobile laws are a jumble of state regulations and city ordinances. Add to them the aeroplane laws soon to be enacted and consider the muddle of legislation for which the busy little gasoline engine must be held responsible.

NOT DEAD YET.

Men who go down to the sea in ships will be the last to complain that "steam has killed romance." They behold the wonders of wave and sky, the play of the forces of nature with the handicaps of human creatures, the comedy that is not manufactured in a humor mill and the tragedy that is elemental.

The Red D liner Philadelphia, crossing the Atlantic last week, ran into heavy winter weather just as she struck the Gulf stream. There was a difference of 42 degrees between the temperatures of sea and air. As the liner was covered with heavy ice, the men were put at washing it off with the warm sea water. The wind would freeze unprotected ears in five minutes, but overside there was good bathing. A steamer from Bermuda traveled from a thunder storm to a blizzard. The passengers who had gone below to escape a tropical deluge came up later to have a snowball fight. Thirteen men on the bark Calcium struggled for three days and nights against leaks in the hold and a fire amidships. A tank steamer lowered a life boat and rescued the thirteen though the sea was running high and the gale was all but a rigid wall of fury.

The 30,000-ton steamers have elevators, palm gardens and gymnasiums. They grow strawberries aboard and deliver little daily newspapers giving digests of the important news of the world. Yet the officers and crews and sometimes the passengers see things imparting the thrill which mournful writers tell us is a part of romance now passed away.

AN OLD ORDER CHANGING.

It is one of the cynical occupations of the city of Washington to observe new cabinet officers resign themselves to the direction of subordinates. An appointee enters his office with the determination to do great things. He will make over his department. He will oust the costly and cumbersome business methods—with the emphasis on business. There are experts in each department, men hard to dispense with acquainted with every detail. They proceed with such skill and tact as the individuals have, to mold each department head to the accustomed system, reduce him to an automaton who obediently signs when he is told to "sign here."

There were rebellious cabinet officers in the Roosevelt administration. There are more of them in the present one. Independence is almost become the tone of department chiefs. There was Nagel, who flatly declined to let North of the pension bureau, define the narrow limits of the secretary's duties. North is in the outer world today. Knox is conducting his office as if he were the sole arbiter of our international relations. It is impossible to think of Hitchcock be-

other than the whole thing in the postoffice department. He is that kind. Some of Ballinger's troubles are due to the haste with which he undertook to show he was secretary. He hit wrong heads in some cases and overlooked others that needed hitting—largely because of his haste. Wickersham is said to be "boss" in the department of justice. Von L. Meyer is now under congressional fire because he is trying to break the chains of the naval bureaus.

Though the public has caught only fleeting glimpses of the indoors of the various departments, it has seen enough to know that tragedy stalks in the corridors. The indispensables are learning the bitter lesson that really, as a matter of fact, the government can run without their complete supervision.

REACHING THE FARM CHILDREN.

The farmers' bulletins issued by the department of agriculture are among the most interesting literary productions which come to our desks. They have, in addition to a wealth of information, a strong flavor of common sense and no end of good advice, a very human quality. One can feel that the writers are exceedingly absorbed in their work. They have hopes of a great agricultural prosperity which they very seldom enlarge upon. They have dreams which, with the typical caution of scientific folk, they never put down in writing. These things are to be read in the uniform optimism of their words.

The latest issue of the department is a pamphlet entitled, "Boys' and Girls' Agricultural Clubs." The formation of these associations is explained and something is told of the results obtained with the few organizations thus far promoted. It is said:

"The members of such clubs have been led to observe more closely, to recognize good and bad qualities in the products they have grown, and in the insects, fungi, and other various conditions affecting their work. They have met and learned to solve some problems in the improvement of plants, fruits, animals and housework. They have learned that improvement in one direction is not always, or even usually, accompanied by improvement in all directions. They have learned something of the value of labor, the cost of production, and the keeping of simple accounts with different farm and household affairs. They have been encouraged to read good literature and have learned some of the sources of good agricultural literature. Their views have been broadened by contact with others and by visiting institutions of learning, highly developed farms and other places of interest. And finally, the power of taking the initiative has in many cases been strongly developed in them as individual and responsible members of the community.

The government experts are getting at the business of making good farmers in the rightest kind of way. They are beginning with that time of life called the formative period, when knowledge is absorbed as dry sand takes up water, when the great book of nature is the brightest of romances, when—indeed—the adult is made.

PEACE BY RESOLUTION.

The American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes has at least such merit as the alphabet can lend it. It sounds important. It is getting important people upon its list of membership. President Taft has sent the society a kind word and the officers will get past the doorkeepers of the state department almost as easily as a reporter.

There are several organizations of this sort in the United States. They have our fullest sympathy. We support their ideal heart and soul. Where we differ with the peace preachers is as to the method by which it is hoped to bring about the greatly-to-be-desired. One scheme, the most popular one, is to denounce the military service. Soldiers and sailors are held up to scorn as bloody-minded persons with abnormal tastes for the sight of slaughter. Resolutions are adopted calling for the immediate seizure of all arms and stores for the purpose of casting them into the deep sea. It is urged that the navy be thrown upon the junk-heap and the officers and men set at the work of running freight trains or some other task having little relation to the equipment of war. We recall a set of resolutions adopted while the joint maneuvers were being conducted in Massachusetts. It suggested holding the army organization, but not to permit it to practice at the war game. The soldiers might be used as policemen, said the earnest gentlemen who designed the platform. The argument is: if you lay yourself open to your enemies, the enemies will generously not take advantage of it.

There is no one so entirely wanting in confidence in mankind who does not think that war will some day be banished. "The commonsense of most" will rule. But the way to make the ideal a reality hasn't been found yet. Nations and peoples still cherish dreams of expansion. National pride, honor and the sense of injury still persist. No polysyllable society can discover the contrary.

THE NEW BALTIMORE.

The steamer Kentucky suddenly began to sink. The wireless operator sent out a cry for help. Steamers rushed to the rescue. Officers and crew were saved dramatically—and the public interest ceased forthwith. But not the interest of the shipping people.

The steamer left New York, after government inspectors had passed her as seaworthy, with the long voyage to Seattle ahead of her. She put into Newport for repairs. A second time she passed the inspection of men thought to be experts. The Kentucky had no more than felt the first swells of bad weather than she sprang a dozen leaks. It did not take long for the captain to learn it was all up with the Kentucky. He would be in luck if he could keep the tub afloat until help came.

Civilization has not yet been able to banish despicable creatures who will insure a rotten vessel heavily and send her to sea no matter what the danger may be to the souls aboard. But how do they succeed in doing it? The inspections are supposed to be exceedingly rigid. They have the seal of the government for authority. Are the inspectors incompetent or criminal?

Queen Ena of Spain must be a member in good standing of the stork club.

THE VOLUNTARY PHYSICIANS.

The food faddists have had an enthusiastic time of it since the agitation over the high cost of living. They have written bushels of advice, contrasted the proteid material in seaweeds with the starches of potatoes, and told to a grain the exact nourishment that can be squeezed out of a soup-bone. They have possibly caught a few converts. The arguments have a more plausible sound when beefsteak is up. Yet in preaching the lofty doctrine of saving waste no thought has been given to the waste of breath and ink. Which is hardly good logic on the part of the faddists.

The fact is that no one properly can prescribe the menu which should be eaten by the normally healthy person. The old axiom that one man's food is another's poison is still as true as it ever was. If a vegetarian diet agrees with an office-worker or a housewife who gets little out-of-doors it does not follow that a manual laborer can thrive upon cabbages and beans. Let those with poor digestion take joy in the so-called predigested foods, but don't attempt to force predigested things upon your neighbor who doesn't know the simplest symptoms of stomachache. Because native tribes of India never eat meat, that is no reason why we in America should cease to eat roast-beef any more than because Hindoos worship idols, it would be excellent policy to set up a few brass figures in our households.

The movement for food reform, of course, does no harm. Some one may there find relief to purse and physiology. And the faddists have a good time. Perhaps this is the essential point in the whole agitation.

NOT THE COUNTRY'S PULSE.

Stocks in the New York market reached the bottom of a 20 per cent drop in prices last week. The entire tone was weak and discouraged. Certain big operators were described as suffering from hysteria. There was talk of a return to depressed conditions and the complete collapse of the recovery of prosperity.

Bradstreet's, reporting on Friday upon the state of business throughout the country, said:

Yet jobbing trade is moderately active and travelling salesmen continue to send in satisfactory spring orders; while manufacturers are still operating on the basis of full capacity, the iron and steel trade conditions are irregular.

We select these sentences from Dun's weekly report:

While there has been no return to the remarkable activity of a few months ago, current consumption of iron and steel continues in heavy volume, and all leading producers are busily engaged in filling contracts on their books.

In the jobbing markets the trade for the week has been more active, the moderate advances relative to the use of raw materials doing much to stimulate confidence.

It is the opinion of nearly every observer of Wall street, not personally involved in its trading, that the price changes and the temperament bear little relation to the actual conditions of business in the United States, often, indeed, displaying no definable relations between the stock price of an individual security and the prosperity or want of it in the company's offices. The New York stock exchange governors made a special inquiry into recent wide fluctuations in the price of Rock Island common and later another into the collapse of the Hocking Valley Coal & Iron pool. They should, to be consistent, examine all movements of prices. Few would be found, probably, to be based purely upon natural causes.

Wall street is not the pulse of the country. It is the pulse of Wall street only.

THE CHANCES FOR HOME RULE.

While the Liberal government will return to power in the British parliament, it will be with weakened strength. The tariff reform speeches of the Unionists came very near to giving the conservative element of the United Kingdom the reins. Had the party not been harassed by the necessity of standing in defense of the land grabbing lords and the self-seeking brewers, it might now be preparing its list of cabinet ministers.

The rebuff given to so many liberal candidates has cast down those who had hoped for an early fulfillment of the promise to give Ireland home rule. It is said in Britain that the proposition cannot be broached throughout the sitting of the new parliament. It might mean, they say, the failure of the bill in the commons and the immediate dissolution thereafter of the ministry. The Leberal government cannot last long, say many. It is too weak. It can never tell when its allies will turn upon it. T. P. O'Connor, however, is not the least discouraged. He quotes from history:

The majority is as big as that which often has permitted ministries to pass a gigantic program of legislation and to last five or six years in office. Gladstone, between 1863 and 1874, revolutionized England and Ireland with the same majority. Disraeli reigned from 1874 to 1880 with the same majority, and Salisbury from 1886 to 1902.

The government may discover that, with the strength given them by the writing of popular policies, such as the taxing of the rich and the forced division of the great landed estates, they can carry out their promises to the Nationalists. It may be that the friends of the home rule movement do not look for that day in vain.

CONGRESS.

The prophets were right. The present session of congress is distinguishing itself mainly as a time-killer. It looks only to the day when it can conveniently adjourn and hasten home to tell the people how magnificently their causes have been defended.

The greatest achievement so far has been that of dealing a sharp blow to the rule of Speaker Cannon. This was an excellent thing. But it was not needed legislation. A committee was appointed, after considerable jockeying, to see what there was in the charges of scandalous business in the interior department. The conservation bills prepared at the White House were introduced. They are not being treated either with much concern or respect. The river and harbor bill has been written. This, it is said, contains a radical reversal of the old scheme by which favors were distributed to help out members of congress in their races for re-election. There is a fight ahead for the bill if it does have this feature.

One may review the two months of the session and find few other high places. The game was planned in advance. Get through and get home.

The Commission Form of Government

KANSAS CITY, KAN.

By Calvin Goodrich.

KANSAS CITY, KAS., calls the adoption of the commission form of government a civic achievement. I can imagine no municipality in which a centralized government is more needed or one to which its system is more fitted. To understand why this is one must understand Kansas City.

The last census of Kansas City, Kas., gives it a population of about 51,000. It claims today a population of 110,000, which it probably has, if one is to judge by appearances. The town sprawls over innumerable hills. Obedient to the unthinking American custom the authorities have laid the city out upon the rectangular basis. Streets attack the hills with the utmost boldness, cutting deep, ugly gashes into the clay, running steeply up one proclivity only to dive steeply down the other side. In the valleys the thoroughfares are mounted upon huge levels as if a railroad engineering gang had given the orders and those who followed had always to keep in mind the necessity for light grades. Among the hills the street car passenger looks up at dwellings perched dizzily upon the summits. In the low valleys where the ravines still struggle for mastery with the upheaved clay he looks down to the houses, and here and there are imprisoned pools of water, about the mucky borders of which children are playing. The ponds suggest typhoid and malaria and a shivering dampness of the homes.

Kansas City, Kas., sold its name for a fetish. It is made up of a half dozen little communities which used to be known as Argentine, Armourdale, Wyandotte, Quindaro, and so on. When the consolidation came some one thought that prosperity might be borrowed from the bigger neighbor across the state line, and so the name of Kansas City was adopted. How much was lost in independence, personality and freedom from confusing nomenclature is beyond reckoning now. It will be many years before Quindaro, which is a petty little grouping of old-fashioned white painted houses, will come into sympathy with Argentine, which formed itself about the black fences of a great smelter. Wyandotte was the bigger town and has the big mercantile houses and the best of the streets and residence districts. A pretty village on the outskirts, Rosedale, once gave promise of being a wonderfully picturesque community. The old fruit orchards still survive and here and there are terraces of grapevines. Armourdale took its name from the biggest of the packing plants. It is about 40 times more unlovely than Birmingham.

The system of ward government in vogue until last September was in keeping with the nature of Kansas City, Kas., confused, quarreling, irresponsible, each of the town groups still undigested, each trying to get the biggest slice of appropriations for improvements and each working for that end with hate and jealousy in its heart. To get a slice of the money for his section each councilman—there were two to each ward—had to make deals with every other councilman. A street in Argentine could not be paved unless a street in Wyandotte was shot like an arrow through some yellow mass of mud and limestone. Politics was merely an arrangement of backscratching. Of course there was graft. The situation was ideal for it. The waste, too, must have been something terrible. No other city of 100,000 in the United States looks more unfinished, ununited and, except in one or two suburbs, more uninviting.

The first election on the commission government was held on June 3, 1908. The proposal was lost. To quote a newspaper opinion of the time the defeat was caused by the "politicians, who had misruled the city for years, and saddled upon it a staggering debt. They labeled the commission system a 'silk-stocking' government and declared it un-American, non-representative and extravagant, and asserted it would permit the successful candidates to build up a self-perpetuating machine the people could never get rid of." This expression was probably the anger of the moment. The real trouble lay in the fact that no one in particular was greatly interested. Only 7,326 out of about 21,000 qualified electors voted. The proposition was killed by 882. There is nothing in these figures to indicate that the professional politicians were working very hard or that the joint-keepers, as charged, had lined up their forces. The city took another try at it this year, having made a more thorough study of the scheme and seen something of its working in Des Moines and the Texas cities. This time the commission government proposal won.

There is an old story about a man who saw his brother's wife for the first time. She was a marvel of homeliness. The brother boasted that he had won her after vacillating for many months whether to court her or her sister. "I never saw the sister," said the first brother, "but I know this: I'd a dern sight rather have married her." So the situation lies in Kansas City, Kas. No one is firmly convinced about the ultimate success of the commission government, but after having seen the old ward system at work every patriotic citizen would rather take the chances on the alternative blindfold. It looks as if the commission government would make good here. The commissioners can treat the city as a whole, gradually bind its flaring ends together, bring Quindaro upon speaking terms with Armourdale, and make Argentine believe that improvements for Wyandotte are not necessarily plays for the "aristocratic" vote.

The subject cannot be dismissed without a word about the neighbor over the line. Kansas City is rich and powerful, exceedingly busy and public-spirited. It has taken a wonderful pride in dressing itself up. The shanties which used to catch the traveler's eyes upon entering the city have been torn down and at the base of the big frowning hill over the union station there runs a beautiful boulevard. Parks and parked streets are everywhere. When their newness is toned down they will be among the most beautiful in America. But these betterments have cost immense sums. Special assessments have been made to the mortgage point. The rich only can live on the boulevards and one sees few of the poor even walking upon them. The result has been that thousands of persons who did not care to live in flats and sought independence from landlords have gone over to Kansas City, Kas. This has made a problem for the smaller city. The commissioners are in duty bound to better their city as well as they can, but they must do so slowly, for the town is not wealthy and they dare not raise the fear of the refugees from Missouri that taxes and special assessments are again to dispossess them.

LITTLE FOLK.

George B. McCabe, the solicitor of the agricultural department, was in charge of the forestry division for four days. In that time he promulgated an order hurriedly and secretly which nearly caused a stampede among the foresters to quit the service. Directly after Pinchot's removal a scientist in the same department issued a statement intended to make the assertions of the conservationists look nonsensical.

The action of President Taft in appointing one of Pinchot's closest friends as chief of the forestry division is indication, if one were needed, which it is not, that the President would not do anything to discredit the dismissed official. We doubt if Secretary Wilson had anything to do with the action of his two subordinates. Rather is it that McCabe and Moore beheld the seeming strength of the anti-conservationists at the capitol and seized the opportunity to curry favor where they thought it might be obtained.

The doctrine of the preservation of the national resources has too many friends in this country to be overthrown by the little McCabes and Moores, the Mondells and Heyburns. There is no need of worrying. A gain today for the flunkies means only heavy payment tomorrow.

THE TEST.

It is only in the nature of politics that the Nationalists and Laborites in Britain should set down plainly just what they are going to demand of the Liberal government, whose victory they made possible. Yet they will probably demand a great deal more than they expect. If they are voicing the demand with a covert threat it is rather that the dispenser of rewards may understand the value placed upon high services than any intention of carrying out the threats. A brave tone goes very well in the preliminary bargaining. There will be concessions and compromises before the final agreement is sealed.

Still, aside from the difficulties of the alliance which may be smoothed out, the Liberal leaders walk amid quicksands. There are menacing elements in the main party. Lloyd-George, whose revolutionary budget brought about the general election of January, is too radical wholly to suit Asquith and Haldane. He has plans beyond that of taxing the land away from the lords, plans the slower-going leaders are not at all ready to have broached. Winston Churchill, once a Unionist, now a Liberal, has cast his lot with the radical Scotch attorney. He is ready to go any length. Neither Lloyd-George nor Churchill will wear harness. Both are ready to meet with present discomfiture since they believe their cause is the coming one.

The first weeks of the new British government should show how strong or how weak is the coalescence. It should show whether the Liberals possess the seeds of vitality or the elements of dissolution.

THE CONVENIENTLY INSANE.

The superintendent of the Matteawan hospital, New York, reports that several of the notorious criminals sent to the institution in the last four years have not shown any signs whatever of being insane. He recommends that some authority be given him to inform the court to this effect so disposition can be made of the men elsewhere.

The state bar association of New York recently adopted resolutions condemning the idea that the insane can commit no wrong. It might not be just, says the association, to take the life of a lunatic who has committed murder, but neither is it right to society that the chance of another homicidal outbreak be risked. A conveniently adjustable insanity makes a mockery of the law. It is the province of the court to decide upon the mental condition of a prisoner. Once that has been decided the prisoner should either be made to suffer the fullest punishment for his crime or he should be put away where it is impossible to repeat it a second time.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE GOLDEN RULE OUT OF DATE

International Sunday School Lesson for February 20 Is "The Golden Rule—A Temperance Lesson." Matt. 7:1-12.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

With refreshing rigor Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in his Heretics, punctures the dear delusion that it is the "practical" man who has a right to the front of the procession of progress; and that ideals are naught: "It doesn't matter what a man believes," says Mr. Chesterton: "The time of big theories was the time of big results. In the era of sentiment and fine words, at the end of the eighteenth century, men were really robust and effective. The sentimentalists conquered Napoleon. The cynics could not catch De Wet. . . . Just as this repudiation of big words and big visions has brought forth a race of small men in politics, so it has brought forth a race of small men in the arts."

Developing this thought of the lack of moral ideas in literature, he further remarks, sarcastically, of the modern writers, "We know that they have produced only a few roundels. Milton does not merely beat them at his piety, he beats them at their own irreverance. In all their little books of verse you will not find a finer defiance of God than Satan's. . . . Blasphemy depends upon beliefs, and is fading with it. If anyone doubts this, let him sit down seriously and try to think blasphemous thoughts about Thor. I think his family will find him at the end of the day in a state of complete exhaustion."

And in the twentieth century plans of strict utilitarianism our times sorely need the motive power of sublime ideals. For we are making engines without steam. We are "practical"—but our very practicality is proving itself impracticable. Simply from a study of contemporary life, one is moved to cry aloud the supreme need for more idealism. We must have more vision, more high-souled pursuit of great goals, more exalted standards. In a word, it cannot be too emphatically laid down that this old world needs above all else to sit, with that motley crowd on the slope of Kurn Hattin, at the feet of the dreaming Teacher of Galilee.

Cosmopolitanism Versus Wisdom.

The Sermon on the Mount, which the Sunday schools are now studying, is not merely, as has often been sneeringly said, "only fine theory." It is the most intensely practical truth to which this twentieth century, forespent and dissatisfied from its mad chase after things material, can give its attention. Our day's fundamental need is for more of the deeper knowledge of life's eternal verities, which lie beneath all outward forms and seeming.

Our real problemse are human; and, because human, they are spiritual. We do not soar to the conquest of life's difficulties by learning how to build airships. Because we have found the North Pole and have made paths through all deserts and jungles does not mean that we have mastered the riddle of existence. The very sweep and breadth of our world-conceptions is likely to be narrow. Again to quote Chesterton, "Rhodes' prophecies about the Boer resistance are an admirable comment on how the 'large ideas' prosper when it is not a question for thinking in continents, but of understanding a few two-legged men."

For abiding wisdom we do not go to the thin and vapid books of the travelers who boast of their cosmopolitanism, but to the teachings of an ancient Oriental, who, if measured by the range of his geographical wanderings, would be counted a domicil. The springs of the spirit were plumbed by this graduate of the carpenter shop. The noblest truth, still applicable to the most modern of urban conditions, was enunciated beneath the soft skies of Syria two thousand years ago. Let us go back to Jesus of Nazareth to learn how to live.

"Mind Your Eye!"

A British colloquialism, equivalent to the American "Look out!" is "Mind your eye!" This comes curiously near to being an epitome of the philosophy of Jesus upon judging our fellowmen. He said, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" In other words, keep our own garden clear of weeds and you will be too busy to find fault with your neighbor's gardening. If every man waited until he was free of faults himself, before criticising his neighbor, this world would be a very charitable world.

This is exactly what we do not do. By some mental twist men commonly suppose that ability to point out other persons' faults somehow atones for their own shortcomings. Thus, by a strange perversion of thinking, they substitute censoriousness for correctness. That sort of blindness to one's own deficiencies, and keenness of vision to a neighbor's, invariably produces hypocrisy.

"Thou hypocrite!" was the mildest word that the gentlest of all teachers could find to apply to the man whose eye was thus deranged. Uncharitableness perverts one's mind and nature. That thought could be followed out, and would be found to run deeper even than the impaired faculties which lead us to suppose that the presence of a mote in a brother's eye somehow justifies the beam in our own. To be wholly sane we must be charitable.

The Father-Philosophy.

High things were brought near by Jesus. He interpreted the great mysteries of religion in the terms of everyday. To him, the awful Jehovah, whose name might not be spoken, was the Father, to be understood by the analogy of the dear, familiar relationship. This great passage in the discourse might be interpreted thus: "Don't be afraid of God. He is your Heavenly Father. You wouldn't deny your child anything that is for his good, nor would you deceive him, would you? Neither will God. So ask, and you'll get; seek, and you'll find; knock, and the door will straightway open. For God is good and generous and loving."

That simple faith was not what the rabbis taught. They had devised an elaborate theology, and had overlaid essential religion with interpretations—burdens too grievous to be borne. Always fundamental religion is in danger of this. The tendency is to push God far off, behind a barrier of ceremonies and forms. Jesus enunciated the greatest truths concerning the Deity when he taught men to say "Our Father."

Above the Golden Rule.

Men often speak of the Golden Rule, which constitutes the central point in this lesson, as if it were the highest peak in the teaching of Christ. It is not. The words of Jesus and his apostles lay down the far higher principle of vicarious sacrifice. The life of Jesus far transcends the Golden Rule. That merely asked that the other man be treated as well as one would like to be treated in his place. But the law of the cross stands for the sacrifice of self for the sake of another.

On the Golden Rule basis, however, society may solve all its problems. This is the doctrine of "the square deal"—equal rights for all and special privileges for none. The temperance question, which the international committee cites specifically for treatment this week, is to come to a final issue not on the basis of chemical tests and exhibits of human tissue diseased by alcohol, but on the ground of fairness to the other man. The man, who lives by the Golden Rule cannot permit his fellow man to be debauched in mind and body, with a heritage of weakness bequeathed to his children. He closes up the liquor traffic because he wants to practice the principle. "Therefore all things whatsover ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

VARIETIES OF HORSES

Relative Merits of the Trotter and the Thoroughbred.

"The trotting horse is infinitely more practical and useful, speaking on broad lines, than the thoroughbred," said Will B. Powell, of Shadeland, Pa., a well known horse breeder, to a Washington Herald reported. "A thoroughbred has the speed for burst of time, but when it comes to do hard work every day, and all the year around, it cannot complete with the trotting horse. The thoroughbred is rattle-brained, has no sense, is beyond all control. It doesn't know when to stop or what to do in a race; it simply runs until it cannot run any longer, whereas the trotting horse is under the control of its driver from start to finish and obeys orders at any time.

"If the Kentucky breeders of 50 years ago found it to their advantage to go to Vermont for Morgan horses of good type to use on Kentucky stock, and if the use of these horses proved valuable, two things are made clear. First, that the Morgan blood is of the greatest value to horse breeding in this country; and second, that the restoration of the Morgan can be greatly furthered by taking back to Vermont and other New England states some of the best of the descendants of the original New England stock and assisting in restoring the system of that section, a type which was abandoned with the development of the speed at any cost idea."

Speaking of race horses, Mr. Powell said that breeding for speed produces in the long run a horse which is of great value in the improvement of the average run of light horses, but the breeding of horses for the sole and specific purpose of speed production cannot as a rule be followed by the average farmer with profit.

"Of one thing I am quite convinced," added Mr. Powell, "and that is that the thoroughbred is not the best horse for army use. By that I mean all-round cavalry work, including scouting, artillery and transport service. I maintain that the trotting horse type is the most useful and practical in the long run for such purposes. It is accustomed to rougher food and treatment than the thoroughbred which is fed on concentrated or condensed food and has to be coddled like a spoiled baby. The thoroughbred naturally exceeds the trotter in a burst of speed, but in the long run it cannot compete. As a general proposition, the trotting horse is superior to the thoroughbred for general purposes."

Permanently Cured.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, discussing at a dinner in Washington certain ruling of the international fisheries commission, said:

"The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China.

"A Chinese druggist said to his clerk:

"'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?'

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache, and I sold him a bottle of rat poison.'"

Varieties

Paris has 50,000 cafes.

In London, in 1907, 1,449 bachelors married widows.

The city of Winnipeg is literally built over a swamp.

An alderman of the city of London holds office for life.

The feathers of the wild ostrich are superior to those from farm birds.

The cranking of an automobile may now be done from the chauffeur's seat.

Steamship working hours are four on and eight off to the end of the voyage.

Ireland's highest apple product does not exceed 50,000 barrels per annum.

The Turkish government has awakened to the necessity of irrigation and railroads.

One of the first telephone exchanges in this country was opened in New Haven in 1878.

A bushel of barley yields 16 gallons of beer in Great Britain and 25 in Germany.

The maximum wage of brakesmen on English railways has just been fixed at $7.78 a week.

Canada was formally ceded to England by the treaty of Paris, signed on February 10, 1763.

Our coal shipments to Canada jumped $1,000,000 last year over the preceding records.

The negroes of Virginia own $13,500,000. They control eight banks and five insurance companies.

A baby walrus of six months will eat about 50 pounds of codfish in the course of a day.

Peanut cake seems to be supplanting cotton seed cake as the preferred food for Swedish cattle.

The Cunarders serve broken bits of butter-scotch candy along with the afternoon tea aboard ship.

In London fresh fish during the Tudor period was a luxury for the rich beyond the means of the poor.

In the Belgian parliament there is an age minimum of 25 for deputies and 40 for senators.

Iowa has 1,629 banks, or one for every 1,380 inhabitants. Kansas is next with one bank for every 1,500 people.

The remote district of Cassiar, in British Columbia, in ten years, 1873-82, produced $4,500,000 worth of gold dust.

In one hot day last summer no fewer than 9,000 persons made use of one of New York's public baths.

Up-halle day—January 7—as the end of the holy season, is still celebrated in Shetland with many antique ceremonies.

In the London streets there are nearly 10,500 boy traders under 14 years of age, and over 900 girl traders.

The total losses though robbery of the banks in the American Bankers' association since 1895 are said to be only $147,000.

Vacuum suction combs are now in use in stables to curry horses. An electrically driven fan produces the necessary vacuum.

In Liberia coffee trees attain a height of more than 20 feet. The price of the product is 8 and 9 cents a pound at the plantation.

The resources of all the banks of the country amount to about $21,000,000,000, or about one-fifth of the entire wealth of the country.

In New York during the close times in 1907, 70 per cent of the collateral used as the basis of clearing house certificates was commercial paper.

Prince Rupert and his fellow-adventurers, with a charter granted by Charles II, were the pioneers of the now famous Hudson Bay company.

A London company has spent $500,000 in advertising in the last 25 years. This great campaign was launched by the expenditure of $50.

The loss from wear and tear and shipwreck of precious metals has been estimated at two tons of gold and 100 tons of silver yearly.

Trade between Canada and the United States made its highest record in the calendar year just ended, and has more than doubled in the last ten years.

An 11,000-ton ship running 15 miles an hour will consume 150 tons of coal a day. A 30,000-ton ship going 30 miles an hour will use up 1,100 tons.

Counterfeiting is still a considerable industry in Calabria. It is good form in Naples to bite all silver coin before accepting it in payment or in change.

In New York state, during last season, 11,967 acres of forest lands burned and the loss was only $25,151, as against 177,000 acres burned in 1908 and a loss of $644,000.

In Ireland, owing to a lack of sunlight and heat, peaches, grapes and tomatoes must be grown and ripened under glass. The prices are consequently almost prohibitory.

At one of the most important groceries in Hamburg they think they are doing well in business if 30 or 40 pounds of the cross stands for the sacrifice of self for the sake of another.

A new windmill apparatus for generating electricity for farm use has been perfected in England. A storage battery supplies the current when the wind is not blowing.

At Lisbon Byron performed a more perilous, though less celebrated feat than swimming the Hellespont. That was when he swam across the Tagus from Old Lisbon to Belem castle.

Difficulty is being experienced by Japanese banks in finding employment for their deposits. The First Bank is said to have 8,600,000 yen ($4,300,000) lying idle and the Mitsui Bank 7,200,000 yen ($3,600,000).

The first trust in the United States to pass the $100,000,000 mark in capitalization was the United States Leather company, organized in 1893. Its capital stock combined with an issue of bonds amounted to $138,000,000.

According to the Pekin Daily News, the Chinese ministry of the interior intends to make investigations concerning the prohibition of early marriages, which it considers to be attended with evil results. The age to be fixed at twenty.

Excellent bricks are made of the soil of ant hills in Central Africa. The natives tread it with water into a doughlike substance, which is shaped in rough wooden molds. It is then dried in the sun, and afterward baked in native kilns.

In point of commercial value, the silver product of the United States last year was the smallest since 1871. Mint bureau figures give the gold value of the 52,384,000 ounces fine produced in 1909

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These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3192—Ladies' Dressing Sack. This model is adaptable to lawn, dotted swiss or challis. 4 sizes—32 to 44.

3193—Ladies' Shirt Waist, closing at left side of back. Any of the season's shirtings would develop well in this style. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

3186—Childs' dress, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. A neat little dress is here shown developed in light blue challis and trimmed with white embroidered flowers. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2630—Childs' dress, with body and sleeves in one, high or low neck and sleeves in full length or short flowing style. This little dress is adaptable to any material desired. 5 sizes—½ to 7 years.

3191—Ladies' circular skirt, in tunic style and short sweep length. This is a most becoming model developed in any of the soft clinging materials. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

3067—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, with an inverted box plait at centre-back seam and side-plaits at lower part of the other seams. Cheviot, serge or Panama cloth develop well in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2294—Childs' rompers. Gingham, percale or any wash material may be used to advantage in this style. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2544—Girls' and childs' dress, with high or Dutch neck and long or three-quarter sleeves. Challis, cashmere or lawn develop well in this style. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

3181—Ladies' semi-fitting coat, in 32-inch length. Serge or mohair would develop well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2565—Ladies' Princess slip, with high neck or low or Dutch round or square neck, long or three-quarter sleeves and in round length with or without the ruffles, or in sweep length. Any material suitable for this model may be used. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2908—Ladies' shirtwaist, with three-quarter length sleeves. Linen, lawn or madras will develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3211—Ladies' shirtwaist. This is a good model developed in linen or madras trimmed with a lawn frill. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3196—Girls' dress, with high or low neck and long or three-quarter sleeves. A pretty little model for challis or lawn. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3194—Boys' Russian suit, with detached eton collar, and Knickerbockers. Chambray or serge are best developed in this model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

1638—Ladies' Seven Gored Plaited Skirt. Voile, broadcloth, or serge are adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3201—Ladies' Six Gored Skirt, having inserted side panels. Mohair, serge, broadcloth or cheviot will all develop well in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2549—Ladies' Corset Cover, with front yoke. Nainsook, fine muslin or lawn develoiu well in this model. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2351—Girls' and Childs' Reefer. Any of the light weight materials for spring would make up well in this little model. 4 sizes—2 to 8

3206—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. A dainty party frock developed in dotted silk mull, in any desired shade. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2207—Ladies' House Dress. The waist with or without short body lining, and the five-gored skirt joined to the waist. Cretonne, challis, calico or any wash material may be used for this gown. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

Erie's First Steamer

Cassier's Magazine.

The first steamboat to ply regularly between ports on the great lakes as a mechanical and commercial success to the extent of paying dividends to its owners was the Walk-in-the-Water. This singular name was suggested by an incident related by an old navigator of the lakes.

When Fulton first steamed his boat, the Clermont, up the Hudson in 1807 an Indian standing on the river bank exclaimed: "Walks in water!"

The man of the forest saw the paddle wheels revolving and comprehended that when a paddle struck the water there was a step forward. The name Walk-in-the-Water, however, being so long, was not generally used. Being the only boat of her class on Lake Erie, where she plied regularly, the new vessel was usually designated as "The Steamboat."

This historic vessel, which well earned the title of pioneer steamboat on the great lakes, was built early in 1818 at the mouth of the Scajaguada creek, in the village of Black Rock. On her first trip, the Walk-in-the-Water stopped at Dunkirk and Erie and arrived off Cleveland about noon the following day.

"On August 24, 1818," says an eye-witness, "an entire novelty—the like of which not one in five hundred of the inhabitants had ever seen—presented itself before the people of Cuyahoga county. On that day the residents along the lake shore of Euclid saw upon the lake a curious kind of vessel making what was considered very rapid progress westward without the aid of sails, while from a pipe near its middle rolled forth a dark cloud of smoke, which trailed its gloomy length far into the rear of the swift gliding mysterious traveler over the deep.

"They watched its westward course until it turned its prow toward the harbor of Cleveland and then returned to their labors. Many of them doubtless knew what it was, but some shook their heads in sad surmise as to whether some evil powers were not at work in producing such a strange phenomenon as that on the bosom of their beloved Lake Erie.

"Meanwhile the citizens of Cleveland, perceiving the approach of the monster, hastened to the lake shore to examine it. 'What is it? What is it? Where did it come from? What makes it go?' queried one and another of the excited throng. 'It's the steamboat! It's the steamboat! That's what it is,' cried others in reply. 'Yes, yes! It's the steamboat!' was the general shout; and with ringing cheers the people welcomed the first vessel propelled by steam which had ever traversed the waters of Lake Erie."

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

To Avoid the Rush.

Modern Society.

"Did you secure tickets for the play, dear?" inquired the wife. "I hear they are in demand."

"They are. But I managed to get seats for two months fro mtonight," said the husband. "And, by the way——"

"Well?"

"You might begin to get ready now."

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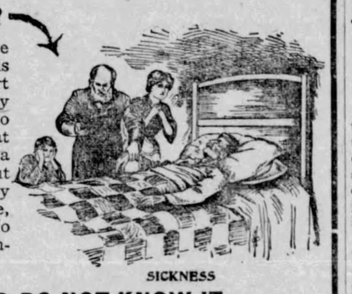

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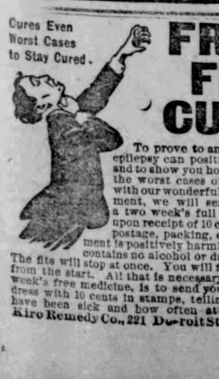

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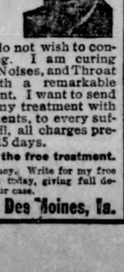

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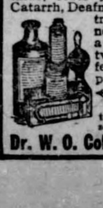

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Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the 5-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him, his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed and the tender-hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh—I wouldn't feel badly if I were you, mother dear. Father will be home soon and he'll make me take it."

LATE WINTER SPRAYING WITH LIME-SULPHUR WASH

When trees have been sprayed with the lime-sulphur wash in late winter there is no need to spray with Bordeaux mixture until after the blossoms fall. In other words, a late application of lime-sulphur wash takes the place of the late winter application of Bordeaux mixture.

It is a very good practice to spray with lime-sulphur for scale every two or three years, even if there be no scale present, as it has an excellent general effect on the tree in removing moss, dead bark, etc. This would also check the scale if it should get started, and would entirely prevent it from killing hundreds of trees before its discovery, as is so often the case.

The lime-sulphur wash, like everything else in the spray mixture class, has its disadvantages. It is disagreeable to prepare, destructive to spray pumps and very difficult to store, but its advantages are sufficient to warrant its use time and time again. No spray pump without brass working parts should be used in its application.

For preparing one barrel of the wash, the following formula is considered as a standard:

Stone lime, 15 pounds; spulphur (flour), 15 pounds; water to make 50 gallons.

Heat from four to six gallons of water to boiling over fire in large iron or brass kettle. Mix the sulphur with enough hot water to make a thin paste and pour it into the kettle with the hot water. Then add the lime and as it slakes, dash in a little cold water as needed, to keep it from boiling over or becoming dry. As the slaking ceases, keep it boiling over the fire for half an hour longer, then dilute with water (cold is all right) to make the 50 gallons; strain through a fine wire screen or cloth to remove all sediment, and spray.

The lime-sulphur wash not only kills the scales with which it actually comes in contact, but it forms a thin film coating over the twigs upon which the young insects seem to find difficulty in settling down to feed and grow. As this coating gradually wears off by rains or by growth of the tree, it is important that the wash be applied as late in the winter as possible, so that the coating shall be present when the insects begin to breed in the spring.

The best time to treat the tree therefore is in late winter—as late as possible—so the work is completed before the buds have opened. Trees that are badly infested may be given two treatments—the first in late November or December, and the second as late as possible (usually in March), but once the scale is subdued, one application late each winter is sufficient.

The Two Months' Railroad

E. W. Thompson in Boston Transcript.

THE Hudson Bay Railway project seems prima facie about as mad a one as could be seriously proposed. In considering its equipment Mr. Butler, chief engineer of Canada's railways and canals, wrote: "I find considerable difficulty in deciding upon what basis to provide accommodation for a railway that, in the nature of things, cannot be operated to its capacity for more than two months in the year—to a lessened extent for a possible three months, and for the remainder of the year still less." Yet, he concludes, "it is apparent, however, that under any circumstances grain may be placed at Hunson Bay on board ship as cheaply as at Fort William, (head of Lake Superior,) hence the saving possible is five cents a bushel, assuming that insurance and freight rates are the same at Montreal and Port Nelson." The assumption seems large, for the chief engineer himself goes on—"Captain Bernier is of the opinion that it is unsafe to be caught in the vicinity of the Fox Channel (entrance to Hudson Bay) any later than October 15."

From Port Nelson to Liverpool is 3,200 miles, from Montreal to Liverpool 3,007. Will not ice, frost, fog and that insecurity of the Hudson Bay route due to its being available only two or three months of each fall, cause insurance and freight rates to eat up a large part of the "possible" five cents saving? Any grain sent to Port Nelson in the season of production, say after September 1, must get into ship within six weeks, if it is to go to Liverpool the same year. This would seem to limit wheat export via. Hudson Bay railroad to about 90,000,000 bushels, as the capacity of the road is estimated at less than 2,000,000 bushels a day. But there is no absolute reason why wheat should be stored over winter at Nelson. A large proportion of the western crop is now stored over winter, either in its growers' bins, or in inland or ice-bound elevators. The disadvantage of storing at Nelson would be that the wheat there would be unavailable for the sudden demand by the general market. It is said that that would not mitigate much against the storage at Nelson. But such storage would be limited in amount by the risk that navigation into the bay might be blocked or endangered by the ice any year. The chief engineer remarks "I assume that ships can be secured wherever there is sufficient business offered. It is apparent that at least nine per day would need to be loaded or say 135 to 140, to do the business—allowing two trips to each ship." But it is not assuming very much to suppose that 135 ships can ever be surely counted on to serve a very northerly two-months-per-annum trade—unless they be tempted by extraordinarily high freight rates.

After all is said the Hudson Bay railway still seems a wild project. The postulate on which it is boomed is that there will be plenty of western grain to give it full operation. No doubt about the grain, but much doubt about the Hudson Bay route being able to transport it at the assumed rates for freight. These rates during the contemplated two months of full operation will need to be high enough to pay interest on substantially the whole cost of the line, and the loss of either shifting the rolling stock and operating staffs on and off every year after 60 days' service, or else maintaining them in idleness.

Before the last general election the government promised to go on with the Hudson Bay road. That seems to be a main reason for now repromising to build it, and to start this year. The west becomes yearly more influential politically, and the whole west is supposed to be, as it was three years ago, eager for construction of the road. Sir Wilfred may, however, have overlooked one changed factor of the western situation—Alberta's face has been turned toward the Pacific coast as an exit for her produce. The greater part of that province is nearer to either Vancouver or Prince Rupert than to Port Nelson.

NEGRO MUSIC

Is It Not to Be Found in the Melodies Heard at Revivals?

Letter to the New York Sun.

I read with pleasure the article in the Sun on "A Negro Foot Washing." The evidences of purely negro music there given conflict with your views on that subject as expressed in a recent editorial article. There is a body of music that is not only in its essence but altogether negro.

The point of the editorial I refer to was directed against those songs of bastard origin like "The Suwanee River" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," that people ignorant of the negro's past will persist in proclaiming as his. But is there any doubt that such well nigh forgotten "spirituals" as "Wrestlin' Jacob," "My Lord, What a Morning!" "The Gospel Train," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen" and "In Dat Great Gittin' Up Mornin'" are negro in melody as well as in words? I have heard them sung and know that they are unlike any other body of music, and if you could go through the same experience you would say so too. Prof. Du Bois in "The Souls of Black Folk" has pointed out that many of these melodies are not only negro, but demonstrated African. And Dvorak declared a few years ago that the remainder constitutes the only body of original American music indigenous to the soil.

But to revert to the American blacks' peculiar institution, the ecstatic prayer meeting. Is it not clear enough that the religious idea among black people is distinct and different from the religious idea among white people? I have been engaged in the study of this subject for more than five years, and it may be that a few of the conclusions arrived at may interest other readers of the Sun. In the first place, it involves a different racial psychology. Being purely emotional, it is dissociated from all ethical concepts. This explains why the "deacon" of Sunday may be so unmoral from Monday to Saturday. The excess of emotionalism which culminates in this queer religious frenzy is due, I think, to the fact that the negro of slavery days was restricted in other lines of emotional expression. A curious essay by the late Herbert Spencer on the "Psychology of Laughter" will serve to explain why such restrictions add to the force of the emotional discharges.

Another significant fact is this: That this dancing and shouting mania is a direct development of the great war dance which was such a feature of West African assemblages long ago. A study of the dancing dervishes, the howling dervishes and the dancing mania of the middle ages will disclose some very striking parallels. And if one would but note how the "quaver" comes in at regular intervals as well as the beat of the foot and hand, how the fund of emotion is increased thereby, and how regular is the graduation of feeling from simple interest to the concentrated energy of psychological drunkenness, he might divine the explanation of the so-called ictus in Latin poetry as well as the true nature of the "beat" in popular music.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

HARVEST THE ALFALFA

Its perennial nature and the reports of its wonderfully productive and nutritive qualities might naturally lead the farmer, without better acquaintance, to suppose that in alfalfa he has perpetual pasturage; that he will open the gate to his live stock in the spring, send for the butcher or buyer in October, and then winter in luxurious leisure. But he finds that the easiest is not always the most profitable way. Pasturing with any stock is an expensive and extravagant method of gathering a valuable crop from high-priced land. Where land is cheap and pasture is wild, stock is not expensive help in gathering a cheap crop, but it is easily demonstrated that when land values are high and a crop value is in a like altitude, man with machinery can do the harvesting more economically than can a cow, a steer or even a sheep.

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DECREASE IN BIRD LIFE

Whole Species Extinguished by Pot Hunters in One Generation.

Everybody's Magazine.

In times of record the chief birds absolutely to drop from human sight are the dodo (1681), great auk (1844), Nestor Productus parrot (1851) and Pallas' cormorant (recently.) These can only be reconstructed from skins and bones and old descriptions.

New Yorkers remember when the Labrador duck was common in the markets. Sailors easily shot and brought it into port by thousands. Now only three are preserved in all the world. Walter Rothschild, of England, has two of them one obtained from Gordon Plummer, of Brookline, Mass., who bought it in Fulton Market, New York, in 1860; the other from William Dutcher, of New York, by whom it was received from the widow of a man named Thompson, who shot it in the St. Lawrence river in 1852. Nine years afterward one was killed on Grand Manan, and four years later the last to be known was shot by J. G. Bell, who sold its skin to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

You see how carefully the roll is called and identifications are made when the battle is over? The battle is about over for the beautiful passenger pigeon. In 1848 it came down the Hudson river in such numbers that the then owner of "Claremont," near the place where Grant's tomb now is, shot from his roof 100 in a morning. Twenty-eight years later a "pigeon nesting" near Petoskey, Mich., occupied an area 28 miles long, averaging four miles wide. That season (according to freighting records) a billion passenger pigeons were destroyed in Michigan, when roosting, by guns. bludgeons and pots of sulphur. Railroads had been laid and markets were ready. The birds sold in New York for a cent apiece.

Nobody has noted a passenger pigeon and proved it, since 1900. The only attested living specimens for years past were in captivity. A few were in the Cincinnati Zoo, a few in Milwaukee, others had been bred from a single pair owned by Professor C. O. Whitman, of Chicago University. Six years ago Professor Whitman's refused further to interbreed. All that were known were presently dead, except one male in Cincinnati and one female in the Whitman aviary. The lone female was sent to the disconsolate male. Of the tremendous flocks which once flew over the United States only these two birds are left.

DYNAMITE HELPED PEARY TO THE POLE

TO ANY prospective pole hunter who imagines he need simply charter a ship and sail pleasantly away to 90° north latitude, we advise o reading of Peary's article in the forthcoming March Hampton's Magazine, wherein for over a dozen pages he describes the terrific, nerve-straining, sleep-prohibiting fight of the stout little Roosevelt against a sea packed with maverick bergs and ice floes run amuck.

In one case it was even necessary to dynamite the ice in order to save the ship from being crushed.

"I think that none of the members of the expedition will ever forget the 30th of August," says Peary. "The Roosevelt was kicked about the floes as if she had been a football. The game began about 4 o'clock in the morning. I was in my cabin trying to get a little sleep with my clothes on—for I had not dared to remove them for a week. My rest was cut short by a shock so violent that, before I realized that anything had happened, I found myself on deck—a deck that inclined to starboard some 12 or 15 degrees. Iran, or rather climbed the deck to the port side, and saw what had happened. A big floe, rushing past with the current, had picked up the grounded berg to which we were attached by the hawsers and dashed it against the Roosevelt, and clear along her port side, as if that 1,000-ton berg had been a toy. The berg brought up against another one just aft of us, and the Roosevelt slipped from between the two like a greased pig.

Lot of Trouble.

"As soon as the pressure was relaxed and the ship regained an even keel, we discovered that the cable which had been attached to the floe berg at the stern had become entangled with the propeller. It was a time for lightning thought and action; but by attaching a heavier cable to the parted one and taking a hitch around the steam capstan, we finally disentangled it.

"This excitement was no sooner over than a great berg that was passing near us split in two of its own accord, a cube of some 25 or 30 feet across dropping toward the ship, and just missing our quarter by only a foot or two. "Bergs to the right of them, bergs to the left of them, bergs on top of them," I heard somebody say as we caught our breath at this miraculous escape.

"The ship was now quite at the mercy of the drifting ice, and with the pressure from the outer pack the Roosevelt again careened to starboard. I knew that if she were driven any higher onto the shore, we would have to discharge a large part of the coal in order to lighten her sufficiently to get her off again. So I decided to dynamite the ice.

Using Dynamite.

"I told Bartlett to get out his batteries and dynamite and to smash the ice between the Roosevelt and the heavy floes outside, making a soft cushion for the ship to rest on. The batteries were brought up from the lazaret, one of the dynamite boxes lifted out with caution, and Bartlett and I looked for the best places in the ice for the charges.

"Several sticks of dynamite were wrapped in pieces of old bagging and fastened on the end of long spruce poles, which we had brought along especially for this purpose. A wire from the battery had, of course, been connected with one of the primers buried in the dynamite. Pole, wire and dynamite were thrust down through a crack in the ice at several places in the adjacent floe. The other end of each wire was then connected with the battery, everyone got away to a respectful distance on the far side of the deck, and a quick, sharp push on the plunger of the battery sent the electric current along the wires.

"Rip! bang! boom! The ship shook like a dish of jelly, and a column of water and pieces of ice went flying 100 feet into the air, geyser fashion. The pressure of the ice against the ship being thus removed, she righted herself and lay quietly on her cushion of crushed ice—waiting for whatever might happen next."

GET POWER.

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Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

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A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

OUR HOME COMPANIONS

IT IS THE small things of life which help to make the big ones. It is the small children from whom must come the big men and women, and, whether they are to be big or little when they are grown, rests largely with the training they receive in early childhood. Kindness is one of the first lessons to install into children's minds and the most effective way, is to train them to have consideration for birds and animals. The house without some kind of a pet in it for the children, is a house in which something is missing. Every little boy wants a dog; every little girl wants a cat. If they do not, there is something not quite normal about them. Cats and dogs may seem of no consequence, but through them may be caught the most effective lessons in kindness.

A PERFECTLY GOOD CAT.

It is said that the little boy, who, some day may be Czar of Russia, is being taught cruelty. He is encouraged to be cruel to animals, so that sympathy may be killed in his heart, and he will have no mercy on human beings when he becomes a ruler.

Usually, if a thing works one way, it will another. Teach the children to be kind to animals, and you will have started them on the way to being fine men and women.

In a recent number of Dumb Animals, a little paper published in Boston; one which sends all over the world, 'essons in kindness, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, a writer who lives in Cleveland, O., describes some of her experiences in trying to find homes for homeless animals. Her article is headed: DUTIES THAT MOTHERS FORGET. This is a part of it:

LATE one afternoon, while walking up the street to my home, I found three kittens that had been dropped by somebody. Probably some mother who did not want the care of them, had told her children to leave them in some one's yard, with the vain hope that they would be taken in and cared for.

She did not mean to be cruel, but did not stop to think that, most likely, they would be cold and hungry, or be killed by dogs while they were seeking for their homes.

A pretty maltese, smaller than the others, was on a porch by the door, crying to get in. The other two, tiger kittens, were further up the street, looking anxiously at every person. Some spoke to them, but nobody gave them a home.

I could not pass them by, b t as I had a large number of strays, I felt that I must find homes for these, so I rang the bell where the little maltese was begging to be let in.

"I found this wee kitten on your steps," I said, "and I do hope you can take it."

Meantime the kitten had run into the warm house and had begun to play.

"Oh, yes, mamma, do; it is so pretty and we want a kitten." "No," said the mother, forgetting how in her childhood, if she were like other children, she had loved pets. "I cannot have any more care."

"But," I said, "I have so many I cannot take it home, and you and I are both mothers, and Christian women, and we must not let it starve."

The woman had been blest with a lovely home, and a husband to provide for her abundantly, but the cry of the dumb did not appeal to her.

I thought of the question I had put to a prominent writer not long ago, "What do you do when you see a homeless dog or cat on the street?"

"I shut my eyes," she said, "and walk on, because I have to earn my living, and I hope somebody else will take it in."

"Ah! we are always hoping somebody else" will do the good we leave undone.

So I went to five homes, all having Christian mothers and all well-to-do, and received virtually the same response about the three kittens. Then I carried the poor homeless things up the hill to my own house.

A little black kitten was brought to me that I was told had been on every porch on the street, asking for a home in its mute, pleading way.

Later I gave it to a boy whose mother acceded to his earnest wish to have it. A few days afterward he brought it back.

"Mamma will not let me keep it," he said, "because it seems sick, and she says she doesn't want any sick animal around."

Heaven help us when we too are ill, and nobody "wants us around."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

Today we once more devote the Cozy Corner to The Case in Doubt, and then we must consider it a closed story, at least for the present.—Elizabeth.

FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

I live in New York state near a city of about 14,000 population. It is the home of the famous college of Cornell. In this state the laws are very strict in regard to non-support. A man who is a capable worker would have to contribute a certain share of his earnings to the support of his wife and children, even if, owing to his brutality, they did not reside with him. Failing in the above, he would be imprisoned. Perhaps if In Doubt had more and better food, and the harsh treatment of her children was abated, she would be stronger and certainly happier.

I will relate from my personal knowledge a few of the many ways women are supporting their families. Here there is a great call for good cooks in both boarding houses and private families. First-class dishwashers find employment and so do cleaners of offices. Guiding the work of a sewing machine run by a motor—the work being all prepared and the machine furnished, is also an industry for women. We have steam laundries run by Americans. There is no lifting and there is good pay. A sign works employs a great many women. A good washer with a washing machine is in demand, as hundreds of families send their washings out. One woman furnishes grocery stores with good baked beans, baked in quart basins. She makes all kinds of pies, also. Another makes all kinds of plain cakes and bread, but I would not advise the cake and bread business unless I was sure of my customers. Some "do up" shirt waists. Then we have saleswomen in department stores and, of course, milliners and dressmakers.

Whatever you do, do well and you will soon be helped by your customers, as one woman who is satisfied will tell all her friends. Be honest. One last remark, remember the Lord helps those who help themselves. I have always found this true in my own experience. —A Sister in Sympathy.

HIMSELF SUGGESTS

After reading the letter signed In Doubt, I will offer a suggestion. It is plain to see your husband would like to get rid of you, but he also knows enough to not leave you without a cause sufficient for a legal separation. If he did, he could be arrested and prosecuted for wife abandonment. Therefore he shows you the photographs of strange ladies who, probably, he has never seen, telling you they are his sweethearts, in order to aggravate you into doing something which would be unbecoming for a wife to do. In this way he thinks to get a probable cause for a divorce.

The only thing for you to do is to lay in a complaint to the circuit court and have him placed under bond for the maintenance of yourself and the children. If he mistreats you or the children after this he can be put under a peace bond; after giving the bond, if he prefers to remain away from home it will only be the better for all concerned.

Those pictures he has been showing you no doubt he has obtained from some of his saloon friends, and he may be a total stranger to all of them. I have been in public life more or less for 15 years and have had dealings with all sorts of men. You may think you have the worst man in the world, but there are many just like him. You do not give your state, or I might go into further detail as to how you should proceed, for different states have some different laws governing such cases, but no state laws will justify such conduct. Ask some lawyer or friend to help you in starting the case. If I were near you I would take a delight in helping you and no doubt you can find some one who will.—Subscriber.

"YOUR'S FOR GOOD"

Well, dear sisters, I just finished reading the letter headed "What Would You Do?" and I thought I would write. It has been a long time since I have written. Not since I've been married.

Likely In Doubt's health has much to do with her trouble. If one is not well they can think of so many wrongs done them. I am talking from self-lessons, for I have learned some. I used to think my husband paid attention to other women, and all such stuff, which I know now was not so but I had such poor health. I am stronger now, and thank God I am a changed woman, and have a good husband. He says the change is in me, and I think it mostly is. We have a happy home now, have two little children. I think I hear you say, "You've not much of a family." I've had five deaths, but wait, I must not tell such for not often do I let myself think of the dark side.

Did you, Mrs. In Doubt, every try just seeing the bright side and telling your husband just the good part? I think you are in trouble, but you know some real bad men, and also ladies, can be changed with kindness I am bound not to see the dark side, and there are few as dark as I've been through. But I am happy now. Some men have such tempers, but if they have good sense with it, I think they will have a changing time. My man does not belong to church, and never did. I used to think he belonged to the Devil, but now I think he belongs to the same God I do. We must not think we are so much better than our husbands. Think well. See the best all the time. Let them know we see and like the good part. I would not advise In Doubt any farther what to do. I know I have seen some men that did not act like human, also some women. For the love of the children do the best you can.

Drink is something bad to contend with. I am thankful I have not that. I have a changed home now, but I feel for those in trouble. The past five years have been the best part of my married life. The other forepart I'll not describe. Sometimes I think the darkest cloud is just before day. Her dawn may be nearly here. I wish her success and all the Corner. I am your's for good.—Mrs. A. Neal.

WHAT SHE DID

I would like to tell how I won my husband from doing the same way In Doubt is doing. We were living near a town, and when he started to go there I put my arms around his neck and say, "I hope you will have a good time, dearest." When he returned I would always ask him if he had enjoyed himself, or if he had seen anyone I knew. He was never at home an evening unless it was positively necessary. If I were in In Doubt's place I would try this plan. I know it will be hard, but if she succeeds, it will be worth the effort. I would not leave him, nor would I talk of his faults with others. I did not even tell my own mother how my husband acted. The best part of winning my husband was this: One night he was going to town. I did not feel as I could wish him a good time, but I did. He started down stairs, and I for my room to have a crying spell. He got down stairs, but came back and told me all about himself and what he intended doing that night, then he stayed home with me. He said my kiss and good wishes went farther than a dozen scoldings would have done.—Know Nothing.

L. E. F., Miles, Tex.—You're all right. In print for you, soon.

Lenora, Washington, Ind.—Send your club when you can. You're excused for tardiness on account of illness. You forgot to sign your real name to the pretty postal you sent to me.

Our most recent letters are from Henrietta B. Taylor, Mrs. Jennie Ashford, Aunt Patience, Sunflower, E. D., of Neb., Blue Eyes, Luraine, Amelia, Trustful, Becky and Bunch.

How To Get Fat Free

Don't Be "All Skin and Bone" When You Can Speedily Become Plump and Attractive.

50c Box of New Discovery Mailed Free

"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This should attract the eyes of every skinny, scrawny, cadaverous man or woman who reads this paper. The missing link between food eating and fat making has at last been discovered.

The principle which turns food into solid flesh has been located, analyzed and reproduced in tablet form for all to take.

The chronically thin are generally hearty eaters. Many a man with a big bay window eats less than some withered up shrimp with hips like two clam shells nailed to a board.

Eating will not produce fat unless the food be assimilated.

Assimilated is the word.

Plump, well-nourished men and women assimilate their food. Skinny people do not.

That is all there is to it.

Give a thin, scrawny woman the power to assimilate her food promerly and in a fortnight she may develop a rounded figure which will be the admiration of passersby. Let any fat and sassy happy-go-lucky business man lose this power to properly assimilate his food and in a jiffy his clothes will hang in festoons upon his emaciated frame.

During the past ten or twelve months some very convincing tests have been made with a new treatment. It seems to contain what might be called the active principle of assimilation. Its record as a fat and tissue builder has been so remarkable that arrangements are now being made with leading papers whereby all readers can have an opportunity to test this new discovery free of charge.

The name Sargol has been given to this new preparation. By using it you may quickly become plump, strong and hearty. The food you eat will be turned into firm, healthy tissue, red blood, bone and muscle, and will not pass unassimilated from the system—as formerly.

Take Sargol and you can eat anything and everything in reason, you will be free from fits of the blues, can hold up your head and meet the world with a smiling face.

No one knows the mortification that thin persons suffer but they themselves. Thin folks get the sneers and rebuffs. Scrawny men never look like real money and they are crowded aside in the race for success. Thin women are pushed up against the wall and left there. It is seldom that a skinny woman is very popular.

By special arrangement, all readers who are lacking in bodily development and symmetry can make a test of Sargol, free of charge. All you need to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it today with your name and address to the Sargol Co., 236-P Herald building. Full directions will be sent with the free treatment. You will be shown clearly why it is that you have remained thin and what to do to put on more flesh.

COUPON.

This certificate and 10 cents to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol tablets, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Issued for account of Toledo Weekly Blade.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

The Sargol Co., 236-P Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

ELIZABETH AYERS.

A BUSINESS woman told me this: A business woman, part of whose business it is to take notice of things and to inquire into the causes of effects.

"A while ago," she said, "I had reason to move from one family hotel to another. My reasons for moving were solely within myself. I had no fault to find with the house or the people I was leaving.

"It's not a sentence to hard labor for me to move, as one room where there are good air and sunshine is big enough for my home, and I am not much encumbered with goods. It bothers me to have too many dust traps around.

"Well," she went on, "what I intended to say when I went digressing is this: When a well-meaning friend of mine knew I was about to move, and where I was going, in a letter she wrote to me, she held up her hands in holy horror. I could almost see her hands in her letter. 'My dear,' she wrote, 'you are going into a hotbed of gossip!'

"Now, that did not trouble me a little bit. I knew I was too busy to gossip myself, and if you are too busy to gossip yourself, you don't know there is gossip around you, and what you don't know you don't have to worry about, so I went unafraid into what she called 'a hotbed of gossip,' and forgot all about her friendly warning. If they gossip, I thought, I shall not know it.

"It was from outside the thing came at me again. One evening I met a friend from out of the city. She used to live here. In the few minutes we had together I told her where I was living.

"'What are you doing here?' she exclaimed; 'you are in a hotbed of gossip.'

"'Well, if I am, I don't know it,' I said. Then we parted.

"It made me feel wrathy to think the house I call home should have this stigma placed upon it, when personally I had neither seen nor heard any cause for it. Of course, there is never a smoke without there is some fire behind it, but in this case I believe there is too much smoke for the size of the fire.

"I haven't investigated to get at the truth. Gossip is too elusive and quick-moving a thing for investigation anyway; it is only one of the pin-pricks which people magnify into dagger thrusts, but my business instinct tells me it is bad for a place to be known as 'a hotbed of gossip.' A very small thing will turn the tide of business affairs and there are many who are afraid to go into a nest of gossipers if they have been warned that is where they are going.

"It is bad for the success of a place to get such a reputation, and those who live in it should be careful about going against the business, especially when they have a pleasant, homey place they like to be in. There's always a reflex action to every cause that brings about a bad effect, and sometimes the body-blow of the reaction falls where it is least expected.

"Mind you, I do not believe I am living in a hotbed of gossip. It is one of the ideas that belong with the vanished, that women who board must necessarily spend their time in tearing one another to pieces. I've observed enough to know that is not true. It does not follow that a woman who boards is an idle, gossiping woman. She is finding other and better things to do with her time these days."

"The next time anyone says anything to me against the place I live in, there's going to be things doing. So far as I know, it is not a hotbed of gossip. If it is, I think the gossips will come to, one of these days, and wipe out the blot on their home escutcheon. THE NAME AND FAME OF A HOUSE ARE MADE BY THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT, and 'people' will do most anything that is good and fair—when they come to.

"Say," she whispered, leaning forward and looking at me with twinkling eyes, "it's a great thing to have nerve."

THE OTHER DAY I found in a basement shop what a man of the ancients spent a good deal of time in looking for. The name of the man of the ancients was Diogenes. He had a tub he "toted" around to camp out in. If you want more of the tale you will have to find it yourself; what I have of it is a fragment of memory only.

What Diogenes went looking for was what I found in the basement shop—an honest man. The one I found is a tailor; a little tailor who mends and cleans and presses and fixes from one day's end to another. He has a sign on the wall of his shop which reads:

"IF U CALL ONCE U WILL CALL AGAIN."

The sign tells a true story.

He has something else in the shop with him. The something else is his wife. She sits in a corner by a window, and helps "her man" to mend and clean and press and fix, from one day's end to another, and I am very sure that besides this she cooks their meals and washes and does everything she can to make a home for the little tailor.

The first time I went there I asked him if he did good work.

"I vill not say," he answered.

"Do you?" I persisted.

"Let some one else say it," he returned. "You can ask somebody. Maybe dey vill tell you."

"No," I said, "if you do good work, say it yourself and prove it."

"Vell, den," he answered, a little impatiently, "I do."

The first work I took to him was a very small matter, but small as it was, I needed it done.

"How much is it?" I asked, when I went to get it.

"Ten cents," he told me.

His charge was so small I was ashamed to take his labor.

"Why didn't you charge me a quarter?" I inquired. "I should not have known the difference.

"I vould have known it," he answered, simply.

I tried to add to the dime an extra nickel. He handed it back to me with the air of a prince, and I knew enough to get it out of sight very quickly. Then he and his wife and I had "a conversation," and I learned something of the habits and customs of those who come and go to the shop. For the most part, the comers and goers are "nice ladies and gentlemen," though there were a few exceptions. No names mentioned.

And I learned, too, of the idea the tailor and his wife hold of honesty and straight dealing in business. It is a good one.

"IF U CALL ONCE YOU WILL CALL AGAIN," but remember it often happens that those who work in basements are keen readers of human nature, so you better mind your manners if you want to be "nice ladies and gentlemen."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we begin the column with a letter from Em T. Head, one of our long-time members, who writes. "I wonder if it is too late for the club letters asked for sometime ago?"

No, my lady, it is not, and here you are.—Elizabeth.

I belong to a study club having about 50 members. We meet once each month for the transaction of business, followed by a literary program. The members are divided into two or three departments, for study. Each department arranges its own course of study, and meets independently of the other departments or of the general club. Each member of the club has the privilege of choosing the department in which she prefers to take up work, and she may change from one department to another by giving notice before the yearly programs are arranged.

The several departments have studied in past years art, history, astronomy, mythology, or some branch of these subjects. One department has confined itself to a study of Shakespeare's plays for the past seven years, with no signs of diminishing enthusiasm.

Our club is federated and several of the members attend each meeting of the district, or state federation, thus keeping in touch with what other clubs are doing. In addition to our literary work we have done something in the way of civic improvement, and hope to do much more for the better interests of the town in the future.

It is so long since I have paid a visit to our department of The Blade that I fear I shall be almost a stranger, but I have read the letters regularly, even though I have not taken the time to write. With best wishes, I am, as ever, yours—Em. T. Head.

This letter was written the 9th of the past December, but it is better late than never.

It is rather lonely this evening, so I am going to cheer myself by joining our happy circle of Merry-Go-Rounders.

Maude S., I enjoyed you letter a great deal. It sounds so natural and girlish. Then, too, your parties remind me of our own. I live in the country, and, to quote you, "am glad of it." I think it is the most natural, healthful and pleasant life to live.

M. Kent, I don't agree with you at all. Excuse my blunt assertion. In one sentence you say "most of the men are given to the tobacco and liquor habits, and when out of employment they only drink the more, lose their self-respect, and go from bad to worse." Then in the next you tell us women to better our country by respecting these husbands. Now do you think any broad-minded woman, any woman who has self-respect, could or would want to respect such feeble beings as these men? They may be, with the right to vote, but with no right, in my eyes, to any consideration from us.

I guess I'll quit here for fear of giving offense. We all have our views, and mine are always inclined to be too strong, I am afraid.

Gladys of the Wild Rose State, you ask me if it isn't lonely way out here on the prairies. I am in the heart of the Sierras, and love them. It is lonely sometimes, but I have a great many friends, young and old, and a dear little bay pony, Punch by name, so it isn't half as bad as it might be.

Pennemite Jake, I like your style of writing, and wish that I could shake hands with you on the "Suffrage Question."

And "A Mother's Son from Ohio" is truly a fair-minded citizen. I am glad he has entered our society. Buckeye Bill, I know that I may safely join the rest of our "band" in wishing you to visit us again in the near future.

With a hearty wish to all of you for a prosperous New-Year, I sign—The California Cow Girl.

Hello, Persimmon! You must be green, you are so puckery. "What's the matter with Arkansas? She's all right!" They say here "The 'saws all right, it's the set in it that's all wrong." If you "furriners" find the "natives" so slow, why don't you show them the better way? We are "furriners," too, in Arkansas, but our farm is not rocky, and our little town is not "slow," and I don't see as there is anything so different between us and our neighbors as to attract attention. I know it is the fashion to call Arkansas "slow," but let me tell you "The Arkansas Traveler" has traveled away from "this neck o' the woods." Of course, different parts of the state differ in progressiveness the same as all other states.

The sun shines bright and warm this last day of January, and we like the winter so much better than the northern ones. Say, now, Persimmon, you are just a little homesick, or something, I think. Persimmons get very sweet and good down here. Hoping time will sweeten all kinds of Persimmons, I beg leave to remind you that all trees in Arkansas are not Persimmon, some are—Magnolia.

May I join your circle? We have not taken The Blade long, but I love to read the Household page, and I always turn to that first. I live in Minnesota, and way down in the southern part. Our place is just a small village of 500 inhabitants, but we came here when the town began, and have just watched it grow.

I am 18 years old, and since my mother died four years ago, I have been keeping house for my father. We never know what home is without a mother until she is gone. I have missed mine so much and always shall. I have four sisters and three brothers. My smallest brother was six years old when mother died and I have always taken care of him. I have tried to do all the good I could, to help him along and he is now a strong and healthy boy.

Dear Brown-Eyed Edna, how much alike our lives have been, but I am sure there is something good for us in the end. I love the song, "No One Can Take the Place of Mother," but it always brings tears to my eyes when I hear it sung.—Peggy the Housekeeper.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

If anyone has done anything for me in the way of postal cards, personal letters and pleasant messages, to whom I have not said "thank you," here it is, and many of them.—Elizabeth.

I've just discovered that I forgot about St. Valentine's Day until it was too late to send out to you a Valentine page. Did you ever!

Topsy:—You're valentine is sweet, and I'm guessing, so are you. It's pasted on my office wall.

Audie.—Yours received. Look for it soon.

Don't forget to renew your clubs and subscriptions before they run out. There's things going to be doing with us right along. Read the announcement which appears on the editorial or fourth page, the last week of every month.

In one of our letters is this: "I find if we would have friends we must make ourselves friendly."—Becky.

Children's Letters

I live on a farm three miles from the village of Sharon, Vermont. I have been to school half of this term, but was taken sick, so I did not go the other half.

Oh, how I do love to read the letters and the M. G. R. letters, too. I have one sister, no brothers. My sister is 7 years old. We have some pets. We have a Shetland pony named Alex, a cat named Tommy and a bird named Goldie.—I am your friend—Ruth V. Clifford.

I am a little girl 12 years of age. I live in the country in West Virginia. I go to school about a mile away when it is good weather. My sister and brother and I walk, and when it is bad weather my brother takes us in the buggy. We leave our horse and bugby in a barn till school is out and we drive home. I have skates and a sled. When there is ice I skate, and when there is snow I coast.—Marion Harris.

Dear Old Blade—I am a girl 14 years of age and live near Vestaburg, Mich., on a dandy farm. I love nature very much. Papa has taken The Blade for nine years. We think there is no other paper like it. I take most pleasure in reading the stories and Household page. I am in the seventh grade. Mr. Bridewell is my teacher and he is also our minister. I have two pets—a cow and a horse. Their names are Fred and Beauty. I will close by signing my nickname.—Matie.

As my papa is a subscriber of The Blade I will try writing a letter for it. I enjoy reading the children's letters very much. I am 12 years of age. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. I have a fine teacher. Our school will close in March. I have a sister two years older than I. We have four pets, a cat, dog, ferret and a little pet pig.

I live in a five-roomed yellow house which stands on a hill. We have a lovely home and surroundings. There are some large trees in the yard. They throw off an excellent shade in summer. The town I live in is not very large. I live near some interesting stone quarries. In the fall the hazelnuts and walnuts are abundant all around. You readers who do not live near the hickory and hazel woods cannot imagine our fun when we go nutting.

Mamma says if this letter is printed she is going to cut it out and put it in her scrap book. Because I am half Irish, the people call me Irish, so I sign my name.—A Little Irish Girl of Avoca, Ind.

I will now write my first letter to The Blade. My father has taken the paper for four years, and he thinks it a very good paper. I enjoy reading letters from the children. I am 10 years old and I go to school. I have one mile to go. I have a good teacher. Her name is Miss Maude Harpster. I have a pet lamb and calf. My lamb's name is Ted, and my calf's name is Bessie. I will close with love to all.—Andre D., Bowling Green, O.

20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c

No Two Alike—Latest Designs

Lovely assortment of 20 Gold Embossed Easter, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents. If you answer this ad immediately. J. M. Seymour, 208 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

SOME POINTERS

You women, if you would be free, make friends with men. Think of them and treat them as brothers and comrades, not as possible lovers or slaves.

Any bit of writing which has the least hint of malice behind it, no matter how clever it may be, is bad. Cut it out.

You women, get into the habit of saying pleasant things to one another. It makes life much sweeter.

Be kindly in your judgments. Be charitable in your decisions. You do not know what you might have done had you been placed in the same position with those you dare to judge.

Any good deed; any beautiful thought; any good bit of writing, no matter how submerged, will find its way to the top.

A thing we have to fight against in ourselves is suspicion of one another. It works harm both ways.

A great kindness is to bury your knowledge of another's weakness while you try to help the other to be strong.

Whenever a good thought comes to you, write it down. Then you have registered a vote.

Keep clean-minded if you would be clean.—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

OLD HUNDRED

By Robert of Lincoln.

"I don't know about the old masters,
I know very little of 'chords,'
But, my dear, I like good music,
And understand good words.
And so, if you want to please grandpa,
Play something slow and old,
Somehow, new-fangled music
To me sounds hard and cold.
There isn't the same ring to it
There always used to be,
Though I s'pose the music's better,
And the fault is all in me.

I don't really wish to scold tonight,
And declare the world grows worse,
That new ideas are all a mistake,
And all the new ways a curse.
Old men, I'm afraid, very often
Are apt to go in that way;
I don't know but the world is better
Than the good old times in my day.

And maybe old men are childish,
And foolish, too, once in a while;
And maybe the Lord likes better
To be praised in the new-fangled style.
But somehow I can't help thinking
(Old men are apt to think so)
That the hymns don't sound as solemn
As they used to years ago.

Yes, you may sing 'Old Hundred,'
I like the way that goes,
'Though the way they sing it nowadays—
Well, He understands, I 'spose.
Your grandma used to sing it
To me fifty years ago.
Yes, Bessie, sing 'Old Hundred'
As she did—soft and slow."

And Bessie sang the old-time hymn,
And played the music slow,
Till the white head in the cushioned chair
Was drowsily nodding low;
And a well-known click of the garden gate
Brings a blush to the cheek so fair;
"Old Hundred" sinks to silence,
And grandpa sleeps in his chair.

ROBIN ADAIR

By Lady Caroline-Keppel.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near—
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear!
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou 'rt far from me,
Robin Adair;
But now I never see,
Robin Adair!
Yet him, I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!
I feel thy trembling hand,
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair;
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair.
When thou went far at sea,
Many a love to me,
But still I thought of thee,
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair
Never to part again,
Robin Adair!
And if thou still are true,
I will be constant, too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

TOO LATE FOR SCHOOL

Author Unknown.

Oh! where is my hat? It is taken away,
And my shoe strings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be today,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil can nowhere be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are scattered around,
And hop about, just like a flea.

Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas upstairs;
My reader is somewhere there, too;
And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
And mother, please fasten my shoe.

And sister, ask father to write an excuse,
But stop, he will only say "No!"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My sachel is heavy and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with pop-gun or ball,
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I must sink.
There! look at my arithmetic tumbled down here,
And my geography covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast
To be off, when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Harry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks.
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late;
Tomorrow I'll be up at six.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

John Greeleaf Whittier.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessing on thee, barefoot boy!
O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and latitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied th e snouted mole hi s spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!
O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While to music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from the feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Oh! that thou shouldst know thy joy,
E'er it passes, barefoot boy!

COMPENSATION

Author Unknown.

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter,
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and the light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

POEMS REQUESTED

We are asked to inquire for the poem, The Little Church Back Home.

Poem wanted: Just as the Moon Rose.

The poem entitled The Battle of Blenheim, is asked for; also one beginning, Charon, come row me across the river Styx.

For the present very few requests for poems will be published. We are so overstocked with poems, sent in answer to requests, that they must be published before we ask for many new ones.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."—Mrs. AUGUSTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

We know that we are near the dawning of a new day, when God's beloved shall not be helpless under their burdens of sickness or fear, wrong or oppression, poverty or sorrow.

MONDAY

Faith is the most powerful mental force that the human mind can generate.

TUESDAY

I have seen a staid old cow kick up her heels and prance around a pasture in imitation of a colt that was enjoying a frolicsome freedom. She was illustrating the rule that like awakens like.

WEDNESDAY

Go forth into the quietness of the woods when you can, and become harmonized to the songs of the birds and to the many voices of nature's little people, and in this contemplation of the music of outdoors, you will forget the cares and worries of the days of the past and feel a great and wonderful healing relaxation.

THURSDAY

One secret of contentment is the discovery of beauty in small things.

FRIDAY

When one truth comes to you it leaves the door open for the utterance of another.

SATURDAY

Seek through gladness of heart and soul to pave a way that gladness may come to others. From The Doors of Life, by Walter DeVoe. Published by Funk & Wagnals Co., New York.

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To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and inclosses 10 cents we will mail a set of ten most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards all different, in exquisite colors, rik finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. With each order we include our plan for getting a beautiful Post Card Album and 40 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

POINTERS ON REPLANNING A FARM FOR PROFIT

A recent bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, entitled "Replanning a Farm for Profit," deals with principles that are vital to successful farming in the corn belt. Few farmers realize the difference in income that may be produced on their farms by the systematic introduction and rotation of clover or other leguminous crops over the entire area of their tillable land. The planning of rotations to meet certain feed requirements and to grow crops which shall be the greatest income producers under given conditions is a problem that is not easily solved by all the tillers of the soil. The conservation of soil fertility by appropriate rotations together with applications of manures and fertilizers in cuch manner as will maintain a permanent system of agriculture has been largely overlooked by farm owners in the past. Farmers' Bulletin 370 assists the farmer in solving these difficulties. It discusses a run-down farm in Illinois, and plans six different types of farming that may be substituted for the usual one of corn and oats now practiced, so as to raise the income all the way from two to five times as much as that commonly received, and at the same time increase the fertility of the soil. A copy of this bulletin may be had free on application to a member of Congress or the secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Send for Handsome Book FREE

Anyone Can Learn by Prof. Beery's Simple Methods

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He can teach you the same simple principles which have brought him such marvelous success, so that you can take the most vicious horse and subdue him in a few minutes—you can train a green colt, break any horse of bad habits, teach a horse to drive without reins, tell the disposition of a horse at a glance, train him to do tricks, and in fact gain complete mastery over any horse, young or old.

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There is no "personal magnetism" nor fake in this. Prof. Beery's lessons are plain, thorough and practical. He will refund your money if you are not satisfied that he does just what he claims.

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Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $15 to $25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits, to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

What Some of Prof. Beery's Students Are Doing

Emmet White of Wellman, Iowa, writes: "I would not take $500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a home and an automobile solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods. I am proud of my profession."

F. N. Goux, Vernon, N. Y. writes: "I cannot speak in high enough praise of your instruction. I am at present handling a $1,000 horse. People bring me horses to train from miles around."

Wm. N. Kelley, Hillsboro, Wis., says: "I am making lots of money here at home, and your course has made me so successful I am planning to go on the road training horses and giving exhibitions.

Roy Fordyce, 04124 Adams St., Spokane, Wash., writes: "I am delighted with your lessons. Have trained a three-year-old stallion to drive without a bridle or lines. I would recommend your course unqualifiedly to anyone."

A. W. Bower, Tiffin, Ind., writes: "You have made me a practical colt-trainer. Have all I can do and making more money than ever before."

[7] **Prof. Jesse Beery**

Dept. 35 **Pleasant Hill, Ohio**

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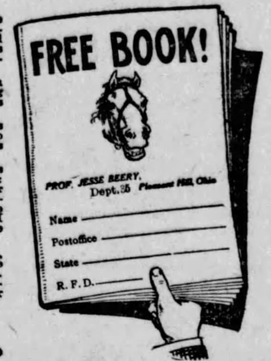

MEETS ALL FACTIONS

Taft Confers With New York Leaders.

New York, Feb. 12.—President Taft arrived here shortly after one o'clock today for an afternoon and evening of conferences, receptions and speech-making. The president and his party were taken in an automobile from the 23rd street ferry to the house of the president's brother, Henry W. Taft, in West 48th street. With the president were Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Anderson, her sister, and Miss Torry, an aunt of the president, together with the executive aide, Captain Archibald Butt and Assistant Secretary Mischler.

President Taft occupied the greater portion of his time on the trip over from Washington in preparing the speech which he is to deliver tonight at the Lincoln day dinner to be given by the Republican club. By the time of his arrival here Mr. Taft had the draft of his contemplated remarks well along toward completion and expected to finish is task at his brother's home before leaving at 4 o'clock for the reception to be held at the home of Lloyd C. Griscom, the new president of the New York Republican county committee.

Following the reception, which is to be attended by Governor Hughes and prominent representatives of the party in the state, and is expected to rsolve itself into a political conference of importance, President Taft will return to his brother's home and remain there until the hour of tonight's banquet at the Waldorf. Governor Hughes and Governor Fort, of New Jersey, will be the other speakers of the evening.

The president's address on this occasion is loking forward to with great interest because in it he is expected to deal with details of his program for recommended legislation and probably express in unmistakable terms the attitude of his administration toward the financial interests regarding which so many divergent rumors have been circulated recently.

The president will return to Washington tomorrow afternoon.

COMET WILL BUDGE

Earth May Force It Out of Its Orbit.

Chicago, Feb.10—Prof. Edwin B. Frost director of the Yerkes observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., says: "Halley's comet, on which all eyes in the astronomical world are now centered, is about 1,000,000 times as big as the earth. Yet although the earth's gravity may change the orbit of the comet the earth's path through the sky will be unaffected by the approaching proximity of the two bodies."

This supplements information contained in a "circular respecting observation of Halley's comet, 1910," which has just been issued by the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America. The circular says that an expedition to observe and photograph Halley's comet from the Hawaiian Islands is to be sent out by the society, and sets forth that:

"In view of possible large perturbations arising from the close approach of the comet to Venus on May 1 and to the earth on May 16, meridian observations are especially desired during the period in which the comet is sufficiently bright for that purpose."

"What are these possible large perturbations?" Prof. Frost was asked.

"That merely means," was the reply, "that on those dates the comet will be near enough the planets mentioned to be affected by their attraction."

"Will that affect their orbits?"

"It won't affect the orbit of Venus or of the earth, but it is likely to affect the comet's orbit. That is one reason why we want to get meridian observations, which will show almost exactly these orbital changes.

"There will be an interesting spectacle, by the way, on May 1, when the comet is near to Venus. The planet and the comet will be practically the same distance from the earth and every one will be able to see their relative size."

"The comet's bulk exceeds that of Venus about 1,000,000 times. It is not solid matter, however. It is gaseous and its mass is comparatively slight. Therefore, its attraction will not affect the planets, while the solid heavy planets are likely to affect it a good deal. The earth and Venus are about the same size, so that the earth, too, is about one-millionth of the size of the comet."

Frederick Ellerman, of the Solar Observatory at Pasadena, Cal., will head the Hawaiian expedition.

The circular on Halley's comet was issued by the committee on comets of the society. On this committee are Profs. George C. Comstock, of Madison, Wis.; Edward E. Barnard and Edwin B. Frost, of the Yerkes Observatory; Charles D. Perrine and Edward C. Pickering, of Harvard University. Says the circular:

"The close approach of the comet to the earth promises unusual opportunity for a study of the physical conditions that obtain in such a body, and as an indispensable basis for such study, the committee recommends a photographic campaign as long and as nearly continuous as possible. The comet's close proximity to the sun's direction at the time of maximum brilliance imposes serious limitations upon this program, and widely extended co-operation will be required throughout the whole circuit of the earth if this ideal of a continuous photographic record is to be even remotely realized."

"All meteors are bits of solid matter—supposed to be debris of comets—which travel around in comets' wakes," continued Prof. Frost. "They are not visible unless they come within 100 miles of the earth—that is, unless they come within the earth's atmosphere.

"The theory that a comet's tail is longer when it is nearest the sun is somewhat awry. Theoretically it would be so, because it is the reaction from the sun's light which causes the emanation of streaming vapors that form the tail. But actual observation shows that when a comet is near the sun there are other changes in its composition which offset the greater force of this reaction of light. A comet's head, for instance, shrinks when near the sun instead of expanding."

BRITISH STEAMER WRECKED

Port Louis, Island of Maritius, Feb. 11.—A steamer which had been dispatched for a wide search for the British Indian steamship company's steamer Loodiana, returned today, having found no trace of the missing vessel. The Loodiana sailed from here January 10 for Colombo with 10 Europeans and 70 native passengers.

GLITTERING PARIS A CITY OF MANY FLOOD DISASTERS

Paris has had so many floods that the scientists and expert watchers of the Seine have classified them and divided them into three groups, according to the height of the water registered on the gauges, says the New York Evening Post. It was on this river at Paris that the world's first system for forecasting floods was worked out, in 1854, and it has been in use ever since, so the city authorities of Paris knew two weeks or more ago of the calamity that was in store for them.

Since the daily readings of the flow of the Seine at Paris and other points were begun, in 1732, there have been forty-six floods, counting the present one. According to the classification by height, thirty-one of these were "ordinary," twelve "extraordinary," and three "exceptional," the exceptional ones being those of 1740, 1802, and 1910.

In the century preceding 1732 there were five devastating inundations of the city, that of 1658 being the worst on record, until the present time.

There is no record of what the Seine did previous to 1632, but the natural conditions have been the same since long before the history of France began, so the little Ile de la Cite, which was the beginning of Paris, and on which the Cathedral of Notre Dame was consecrated in 1132, must have been many times submerged. When Julius Caesar conquered Gaul in 58-51 B. C., the Parisii were a small tribe settled on the island in the middle of the Seine, and they called it Lutetia. Constantius Chlorus, a Roman Emperor, who had his residence there in the year 293, called it "his dear Lutetia," which may have been the beginning of "that dear Paris."

But there were no quays and retaining walls then, so the future Ile de la Cite must have been flooded after every torrential rain in the valleys of the Seine and its chief tributaries above Paris, the Marne and the Yonne. But the very improvements that have been made in the meantime in the course of the evolution of the modern Paris have served in time of flood to add to the danger of the city.

Torrents in the Sewers.

The great sewers, which Jean Valjean made famous, and through which the sightseers float in boats with a guide, have become so many additional flood streams, and at the present time nearly every inch of the 700 miles of the sewer system is a roaring torrent, breaking its way through the street surface here and there, and adding section after section of the city to the submerged district. And the network of underground railroads has become a river system under the streets.

Most of the famous structures damaged or threatened by the present flood antedate the beginning of the flood records if Paris in 1649 by many years, in some cases centuries. The Jardin des Plantes, which was the first institution to feel the effects of the present rising, is on the lower left bank of the Seine near the entrance of the river within the city limits. Although a botannical garden, it includes a museum of natural history and a zoological collection, chiefly famous for the bear pits. The Jardin des Plantes was founded in 1635 by Guy de la Brosse, physician to Louis XIII, and was originally nothing more than a collection of medicinal herbs. The celebrated Buffon was appointed director of the Jardin du Roi, as it came to be called in 1739, and he extended its sphere by founding collections in every department of natural history. In 1793 the royal menagerie was transferred to it, and in 1794 the library. Notre Dame, on the Ile de la Cite, the famous walls of which have been washed by many floods, was founded in 1163 on the cite of a church of the fourth century and was consecrated in 1182, but the nave was not completed until the thirteenth century. The foundation stone was laid by Pope Alexander III, at that time a refugee in France. 1793 Notre Dame was converted into the Temple of reason. The sculptures were mutilated and the statue of the Virgin replaced by one of Liberty. The orgies of which the church became the scene led to its being closed the following year. In 1795 it was restored to the Catholics.

Rendezvous of Wolf Hunters.

The Louvre, the basement of which is flooded, is supposed to derive its name from an ancient rendezvous of wolf hunters, known as the Louverie. The beginning of building on this site was in the time of Philip Augustus, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. But the present structure was not begun until the reign of Francis I, 1515-1547.

A study of the map of France, showing the topography of the country through which the Seine flows, together with reference to the meteorological statistics of the country, shows the causes of the many floods of Paris, as they have been determined by Vernon-Harcourt and other engineers.

The area of the Seine basin is 30,370 square miles, of which 3,750 consist of sloping impermeable strata, 3760 of flat impermeable strata, and 22,860 square miles of permeable strata, so that the permeable strata occupy about three-fourths of the basin. The flat impermeable strata, moreover, have little influence in the production of torrential floods, and, therefore practically about only one-eighth of the basin is of a strictly torrential character. Accordingly, the Seine possesses the characteristics of a gently flowing river, differing in this respect from the other principal rivers of France—the Rhone, the Loire, and the Garonne—whose basins consist mainly of impermeable strata.

The Seine itself has been divided into four natural sections with distinctive appellations; the Little Seine, from its source to its confluence with the Yonne at Montereau; the Upper Seine, from Montereau to Paris, just above which place one of its most important tributaries, the Marne, flows in; the Lower Seine, from Paris to St. Aubin, near Elbeuf, at the limit of the tidal flow, and the Tidal Seine, from St. Aubin to the sea.

None of the principal tributaries of the Seine flows exclusively over impermeable strata, but the upper part of the basin of the Yonne, being both impermeable and steep, imparts a torrential character to the river, though not quite one-half its whole basin consists of impermeable strata; nearly one-half of the Maine basin is composed of impermeable strata, and the Marne, in the upper portions of its course, has a very marked torrential flow.

The Seine basin is subject to similar meteorological influences, so that the special character of any particular season, whether wet or dry, is experienced throughout the whole valley, though the actual amount of rainfall varies with the locality. The average amount of rainfall over the whole basin for a period of 23 years was 27.36 inches. In 1870 it fell as low as 19.37 inches, while in 1866 it reached 38.09 inches.

The rainfall at different places in the same basin depends primarily on their altitude, and on their proximity to the sea. The lowest average in the basin of the Seine is at Paris, 161 feet above the sea. There it is 19.84 inches. The occurrence of high floods at Paris is due, as a rule, to the concentration of the rainfall at certain periods of the year, and not to a high average for the whole year, so most of the inundations have come in the winter, helped along by the melting snow.

For the entire basin above Paris the average amount of rallfall has been estimated at 20,895,000,000 cubic yards in the summer months and 15,671,000,000 cubic yards in the winter; whereas, the average summer discharge of the Seine at Paris is only 3,605,000,000 cubic yards, or 17 per cent of the rainfall, and the average winter discharge amounts to 6,356,000,000 cubic yards, or 43 per cent, of the rallfall. Accordingly, although the average summer rainfall, of the Parisian portion of the basin, exceeds the winter fall by one-third, the average winter discharge of the river at the city is nearly that of the summer.

Three Days to Beach Paris.

Floods of the Seine present a mixed character, owing to the torrential nature of its tributaries, the Yonne and the Marne, which, with their high floods, exercise a predominating influence on the floods of Paris. As the torrents from the farthest parts of the basin take only three or four days to reach Paris, whereas the floods of the tranquil affluents only arrive four or five days later, a great flood at Paris is rarely the result of a single fall of rain. Generally, a high flood is caused by the arrival of a second torrent from the rapidly flowing tributaries, before the long-continued floods of the slower branches have time to subside. All of the highest floods are produced by this combination of torrents of different origin.

Only six instances have been recorded since 1732 of floods due to a single fall of rain producing a rise at Paris exceeding 13 feet; three of these were due to a sudden break-up of the ice, and the other three resulted from a torrential rainfall on saturated soil.

M. Lemoine has divided the flood of the Seine at Paris into three classes, denominating floods which rise between 16.4 and 19.7 feet on the Tournelle gauge as ordinary large floods; those rising between 19.7 and 23 feet, as extraordinary floods; and those rising above 23 feet, as exceptional floods. Between the beginning of the daily readings of the gauge in 1732 and the present time, there had been but two exceptional floods before this one in 1910. In December, 1740, the water rose to a height of 25.95 feet, and in January, 1802, it reached 24.37 feet.

Belgrand gives a list of five exceptional floods which occurred between 1649 and 1732, namely in February, 1649; January, 1651; February, 1658; April, 1690, and March, 1711. That of 1658, alone, was higher than the flood of 1740, reaching the height of 28.9 feet, being by nearly three feet the highest flood on record at Paris until the present time. The four others previous to 1732, though lower than the flood of 1740, all exceeded 24.37 feet, the record of 1802.

In 1658 the flood followed the breaking up of the ice in the river, after a frost which had lasted for five weeks, and was intensified by the thawing of a large quantity of snow, accompanied by rain; and the flood of 1740 resulted from long and heavy rains falling on a large accumulation of melted snow.

Only two unusually high floods threatened Paris between 1850 and 1910. They were in March, 1876, and in January, 1883, reaching 21.33 feet and 19.69 feet, respectively, though the floods of December, 1872, and 1882, were only a little lower as they rose to 19.19, and 19.16 feet. These last two floods were the first of unusual height to which the system of predictions and warnings was thoroughly and successfully applied. Both were due, in part, to a succession of small inundations from the torrential tributaries, but they presented some notable differences. The flood of 1876 was unusually late in the cold season, and followed an almost continuous rain-fall of more than five weeks, upon melting snow in the beginning, and then upon soil previously saturated by the winter rains. The river runs almost continuously at Paris from the middle of February till the seventeenth of March, when it attained its maximum. In January, 1883, rising of the river was the result of two distinct periods of heavy rain-fall, following close upon one another, the first lasting about a month, and the second for 10 days.

Lower down the river, the flood of December, 1882, actually exceeded the 1876 flood between the bridges of St. Pierre du Vauvray and Rouen, for it rose to 39.43 feet, and 20.7 feet on the gauges at the Vauvray and Oissel bridges, in December, 1882, as compared with 39.17 and 19.82 feet, respectively in March, 1876. This peculiar result was due to the maximum in 1882 coinciding with the high tide, which was not the case in 1876; for the tidal influence extends above Martot Weir, which is quite open in flood time.

Discharge of the Seine.

During the flood of March, 1876, the maximum discharge of the Seine at Paris was 2,171 cubic yards per second, nearly 47 times it minimum discharge of 46 cubic yards. The maximum discharge of the flood of January, 1883, at Paris was 1,967 cubic yards. The areas of land inundated between Paris and Rouen were nearly the same in the risings of 1876 and 1882-3, amounting in the former year to 29,567 acres and in the latter to 31,237 acres. The flood of 1876 extended over a width of four miles in some places.

Predictions of the probable height of floods are based on a system devised by Belgrand for use in the protection of Paris. By a series of careful observations he was enabled to trace a relation between the rise of the various tributaries at certain points and the corresponding rise of the Seine at Paris or lower down. The usual rule adopted for calculating the probable rise at the bridge of Austerlitz, in Paris, is to double the mean of the rises observed on the Yonne at various points. The mean time occupied by the maximum flood level in traveling from the upper tributaires to Paris is three days and four-tenths, and one day from Paris to Mantes. The rise at Mantes is generally the same as at Paris.

Announcements are generally made three days in advance and a corrected prediction is issued 24 hours later. The heights predicted are usually somewhat in excess of the actual rise recorded, owing the natural anxiety not to give too low an estimate of the danger. But remarkable coincidences have occurred. The prediction on March 15, 1876, for the following day was 23 feet and it was exactly verified on the 16th. At Paris the exact maximum of the flood of January, 1883, was predicted on the evening before.

In the course of the last half century many millions of dollars' worth of property have been saved by the heeding of these official warnings.

The protections of Paris have been increased from time to time by the raising of the juais along the river and by prolonging the outfall sewers so as to place their outlets beyond the town; and embankments have been built for many of the low-lying districts. The rebuilding, also, of old bridges with more ample waterways and the improvements in depth for navigation have greatly increased the discharging capacity of the river.

Do You Really Love Dogs?

From the Atlantic.

Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon, he is out of the way of drafts; he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world, and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks.

Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night; and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one's limbs; but why be so base as to prefer comfort to companionship. To wake up in the dark night, and put your hand on that warm soft body, to feel the beating of that faithful heart—is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night's rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomachache (dose one or two soda mints), and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.

Austrian Pastimes.

Wide World Magazine.

In most parts of the civilized world unfortunately, the interesting old customs and pastimes are slowly dying out. It is not so in the Austrian highlands, however, where mighty efforts are being made to continue the old-fashioned observances and to revive interest in the curious survivals of the land. The country about Salzburg is very rich in these old customs and games. The peasants here are particularly conservative, and outsiders even unkindly call them bigoted, superstitious, reactionary. But we must remember that for many hundreds of years the whole tract of country was ruled by prince bishops, and under the government of the church it is only natural that hearts and minds should become saturated with a clerical atmosphere. The inhabitants of these regions are moreover, a very pious, sentimental race, with much imagination and mysticism about them. They throw themselves like children into their fanciful fetes and games, many of which have a hidden meaning and illustrate phases of the life of the country. Some of the festivals are of religious origin; others are connected with winter sports, or there are ice and snow during many months in the wild mountainous districts round Dachstein and the Gross Glockner. Others again represent the doings of mythical monsters or far-off pagan heroes.

A monument recently war erected in Nuremberg, Germany, to the memory of Peter Henlien, who first substituted springs for weights in clocks and made the watch possible.

A state exhibition of models of inventions will be held at Wurtemberg, Germany, in the spring to help poor inventors to bring their ideas to the notice of possible purchasers.

The value of the farm products of the country for the year was estimated at $8,760,000,000, the highest on record, in the annual report of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson.

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Ten Thousand Medical Books Free

Following the publication of this generous offer a few months ago, the requests for a free proof treatment and this valuable book were so numerous that I was compelled to send many more than the ten thousand offered. I am pleased to know that my offer was accepted by thousands of sick and afflicted people, pleased to know that I have been successful in putting so many on the road to health, more than pleased at the receipt of so many earnest, heartfelt, grateful letters.

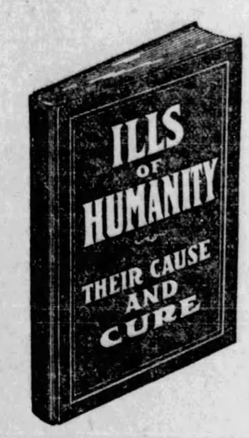
I have now decided to extend my liberal offer until ten thousand more suffering men and women have had a chance to try my wonderful treatment—each one will be given one of my illustrated Medical Books. It contains 192 pages of professional information and advice that EVERY MAN AND WOMAN should know. It describes all diseases, their symptoms and causes, tells how to prevent and how to cure diseases at home. If you want to be well, to stay well, write for this book and proof treatment soon. **They are free.**

Diseases I Treat

I don't claim to cure cancer, leprosy and incurable diseases, but I do claim to cure and **actually, positively cure** many that others consider incurable. I have cured many thousands of serious chronic cases—many cases that others have failed to cure. I want to prove what my treatment will do for **you.** My free treatment is the best test—it is the one convincing proof. No matter what disease you have or how long you have suffered, be one of the first 10,000 to accept this free offer.

Positive Proof Free

Send no money—no stamps. Simply mail me the coupon below filled in with your name and address and the diseases with which which you suffer and I will send you, absolutely free, postage paid,



this valuable medical book for the home, and generous proof treatment. I will do this to prove my ability to cure you. Read the instructions below, then send the coupon **at once**—before it is too late to accept the most generous, the most liberal offer ever made.

A Free Treatment To All Who Write

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the **energy, vim, vigor** and go that make life worth living—whether you are rich or poor, young or old, man or woman—you need this wonderful treatment.

I Will Send It To You Free

Not one remedy, but as many kinds of remedies as I find advisable in your case. Remedies that will strike straight at your disease and remove the cause—up-building, strength-giving, life-saving remedies. The medicines I give are pure, effective, curative—the products of the most modern medical science. They cure where others fail. I have cured thousands of desperate chronic cases—many cases no doubt just like yours. My skill is known in every civilized country in the world. I want to prove that I can cure you, and to prove it at my own cost, without a penny of expense to you. Fill out the coupon today.

I ASK NOTHING I will accept no pay—not one cent for this book and treatment, I want to prove that my treatment will do in your case what it has done in thousands of cases. By proving my skill to you I will prove it to your friends and neighbors. If I cure you I want your good will, and I know you will speak a kindly word for me to your sick friends when convenient to do so. This is all I ask. The book and free treatment will cost you nothing now, or at any time. You will be under no obligations to me. **Fill the coupon now.**

Cut or tear off this coupon along this line, mark a cross X after the disease or diseases you have, fill in the coupon and mail to

NOTE—Mark a cross X after the disease or diseases you have:

RHEUMATISM		KIDNEY TROUBLE	
LUMBAGO		BLADDER TROUBLE	
ECZEMA		HEART DISEASE	
SCROFULA		IMPURE BLOOD	
CATARRH		FEMALE TROUBLE	
DROPSY		TORPID LIVER	
PILES		PARTIAL PARALYSIS	
NEURALGIA		CHRONIC COUGH	
DIARRHŒA		NERVOUSNESS	
CONSTIPATION		PROSTATITIS	
INDIGESTION		MALARIA	
HEADACHE		PIMPLES	
DIZZINESS		LUNG TROUBLE	
EPILEPSY		ASTHMA	

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 168 Kidd Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

DOCTOR KIDD—Please send me, free of charge, postage paid, your 192-page Home Medical Book and a free proof treatment for my case. It is understood that this book and treatment is not to cost me one cent, now or at any time, and that it does not obligate me in any way.

(Write name on this line) (Age)

(Address) (How long afflicted)

(Name or describe here the disease with which you suffer most)

NOTE—If you have any disease or affliction not mentioned in this list, describe on another sheet of paper and send with coupon; or, if you prefer, describe your condition in your own words in a letter to me.

ARCHITECTURAL ODDITIES

Curious Buildings Upon Which an Englishman Spent Money.

London News.

The village of Brightling (about nine miles inland from Hastings) possesses probably the most novel collection of strange buildings in England.

About half a century ago a certain Squire Fuller, the chief resident, who was possessed of great riches, spent money lavishly in the erection of numerous quaint buildings, with the idea of rendering his memory imperishable in the little village. Squire Fuller's eccentricity earned him the sobriquet of "Mad Jack."

Perhaps the most remarkable of the buildings is the Sugar Loaf house, in which the "Mad Squire" was anxious to immure a man for seven years—during which time the victim was neither to shave, wash nor hold any communication with the outer world. His food was to be passed in through a window. There were several candidates for the experiment, but the authorities intervened and forbade the execution of the wild scheme.

The observatory contains in the dome a camera obscura, which the square placed there so that his tenants could keep observation on their cattle without going into the fields.

Cleopatra's Needle, built of local sandstone, stands at an altitude of 600 feet above the sea, and its base is covered with innumerable visitors' names.

"Solomon's Temple," built in the style of an eastern mosque, with massive marble pillars, was used by "Mad Jack" as a card room.

The squires' tomb, built to resemble the pyramids, has a beautifully decorated interior and bears carved quotations from the squires' favorite authors. The squire's coffin was placed on a stone trestle above ground and the door of the tomb locked with a key which was afterward destroyed.

Beacon Tower was originally intended to guide ships into Pevensey bay, but the squire planted trees all around and thus rendered it useless to mariners.

FOUGHT AGAINST CERVERA

Captain Sharp, Who Commanded Vixen, Is Dead.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Capt. Alexander Sharp, president of the navy inspection board and recently commander of the battleship Virginia, died at the naval hospital in this city at 3:45 o'clock this morning after about a month's illnes from typhoid fever. He was born in White Haven, Mo., in 1855, and entered the naval service as a midshipman in 1870. He commanded the little gunboat Vixen in the fight with Cervera's squadron off Santiago in 1898.

MAMMOTH WHISKEY OFFER

that is making the Maycliffe Co. most popular in the world.

Because, without a doubt, it is an offer, quality and quantity considered, that has never before been equalled by any whiskey concern in the world.

4	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$2.25
8	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$4.25
12	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$6.25
24	FULL QUART BOTTLES Mellow Springs Whiskey	$12.25

Think of it! On the 12-quart order this fine, Aged in Bond whiskey for only 52 cents a quart.

We are making this unheard of offer solely for the purpose of introducing **Mellow Springs Whiskey.** We know that once a customer tries our goods he will always remain a permanent customer of our reliable house. You can't better the best.

Mellow Springs is a pure **straight whiskey** of full strength and exquisite flavor. It is not a cheap, fiery-tasting blend, compound or mixture so much of which is sold now-a-days under the name of whiskey. We guarantee it. We give you the privilege to test it in any way you like, and if you don't consider this the **biggest whiskey bargain** you ever had you may return what you have not used and we will promptly refund your money. Be one of our 100,000 new customers. Get the best and most for your money.

Maycliffe Dist. Co., 260 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

VIRGINIA FARMS $10 AND UP PER ACRE

N&W RY.

You can buy fertile farms with timber, fruit and water for $10.00 per acre and up. Splendid country for fruit growing, dairying, stock raising and general farming. Fine climate, convenient to **SUNNY VIRGINIA** markets, good neighbors. Full information and valuable booklet upon request. Write for it now.

F. H. LaBaume, Agr. & Ind. Agt., N. & W. Ry., Dept. D 10 Roanoke, Va.

SEED CORN 153 BU. ACRE

Diamond Joe's Big White—A strictly new variety. None like it. It is the Earliest and Best Big White Corn in the World—Because it was bred for most Big Bushels, not fancy show points; because grown from thoroughbred inherited stock; every stalk bears one or more good ears, because scientifically handled, thoroughly dried and properly cured and had the most rigid examination. Big Seed Catalog FREE. It tells about all best farm, grass, garden and flower seeds grown. Write for it today.

Address, **RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.**

$7.95

15 JEWELED ELGIN

15 JEWELS

Never before has a 15 ruby-jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Retailers charge $ 8.00 to $25.00 for them and they are worth it. Is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 Jewels. Fitted in solid gilt 20-silver dust proof screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. **SEEING IS BELIEVING.** Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $7.95 and express charges and it is yours. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee **SOLID GOLD FILLED** case for $10.95. State kind wanted. Silver at $7.95 or Gold at $10.95. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 359-356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

ABOUT YOUR LOVE AFFAIRS	ABOUT YOUR HEALTH	ABOUT SPECULATION	ABOUT PARTNERSHIP
ABOUT SALE AND PURCHASE OF PROPERTY		ABOUT BUSINESS	ABOUT JOURNEYS	ABOUT CHILDREN
ABOUT HONOR	ABOUT FAMILY MATTERS	ABOUT MARRIAGE	ABOUT LEGACIES	ABOUT PERPLEXITIES
ABOUT CHANGING YOUR POSITION	ABOUT CHANGING YOUR HOME	ABOUT CHANGING YOUR BUSINESS	ABOUT SICKNESS
ABOUT YOUR LUCKY DAYS	ABOUT YOUR UNLUCKY DAYS	ABOUT WHAT BUSINESS WILL BRING SUCCESS	

I WILL TELL YOUR FORTUNE FREE

Shakespeare says: "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. **Do You Know Where Your Star Is Guiding You?**

If not, it is very important that you should know, and I can give you this knowledge **without cost.** I will send you a horoscope pointing out what the future may have in store for you, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid and what opportunities to take advantage of. The advice and information given will probably assist you in many ways and perhaps mark the turning point in your career and may bring you **success, health, happiness, fame and popularity in both business and social life.**

Write me today telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give the date of your birth and year and I will immediately send you **free** an astrological delineation which I believe will contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

Write immediately and inclose four cents in stamps to pay the cost of mailing the horoscope and I will send it to you promptly **free of charge. Exalted Mystic, No. 186, 649 West 43d Street, New York City.**

The Edison!

The latest style Edison Phonograph in our new outfit No. 10—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

FREE

Yes, free. I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

Read the Offer: I will ship you free this grand No. 10 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

MR. EDISON Says: "I Want to see a Phonograph in Every American Home."

The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. **Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. **We want to convince you;** we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

MY REASON **I don't want you to buy it**—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. **Perhaps you, yourself, would want a phonograph,** and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O.K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money. I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

Write today for this interesting catalog, FREE

Trial Package Free

Every Man, Woman and Child Suffering From Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Hacking Cough and Throat or Lung Trouble Should Write at Once.

Dr. Hill Says;

"Consumption is positively and absolutely curable and preventable. All authorities agree that this is so. I say it can be cured in the privacy of your own home, and I am proving it day after day. I say it is no longer necessary to travel away from home and friends. I am treating right today, cases of advanced and desperate consumption, which had been given up by their friends and advised to move to another climate, perhaps to die. But they have remained at home under my 'Rational' Treatment, with results that would quicken the heart of any man to see.

DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL
Snapshot of the Doctor taken a few days ago.

Everyone who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other deadly symptom of Consumption, should send for a trial package of Dr. Hill's New Rational Remedy and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured. This treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health.

Any bank or business firm in Jackson, Michigan, will tell you Dr. Hill is reliable, successful and a prominent citizen in excellent standing. All throat and lung sufferers should fill out coupon below and mail at once for trial package which the doctor sends by mail prepaid to prove that even the worst cases can be cured at home at little expense.

TRIAL TREATMENT PACKAGE COUPON

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill,
1474 Hill Building. Jackson, Mich.

Please send me your large trial package in plain, sealed wrapper, that I may try it and see for myself if it will do what you claim it will. I enclose 20c to help pay for packing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

Rheumatism CURED
Through the Feet

Just Send Your Name on a Postal and Get FREE TO TRY My $1 External Remedy That

Is Curing Thousands

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Col. Geo. D. Alexander, a civil war veteran, of Ruston, La., age 84, after 20 years' suffering, and after medicines and baths had failed.

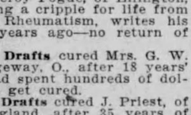
Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. R. C. Hill, of Medford, Ore., 5 years ago, after about 14 years of Rheumatism. She has had no attack since.

Magic Foot Drafts saved the little boy of Mrs. Neroy Pogue, of Ellington, Mo., from being a cripple for life from inflammatory Rheumatism, writes his mother, two years ago—no return of rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Ridgeway, O., after 18 years' suffering. Had spent hundreds of dollars trying to get cured.

Magic Foot Drafts cured J. Priest, of Uxbridge, England, after 35 years of pain. Cured three years ago. No return.

A million people, all over the world, have accepted our approval offer, and nearly all of them, we hope, are cured to stay cured. Many thousands of them have written us grateful letters, which we are proud to show anyone interested. This great remedy stands alone as the one absolutely safe, convenient external treatment, so sure to cure that we ask no money in advance.



Just send your address. Return mail brings you the Drafts prepaid. Try them as directed, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. **You decide, and we take your word. Magic Foot Draft Co., WB8** Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. **Write today.**

HYPNOTISM

Anyone may learn in a few hours' time. The key to health, wealth and happiness. Control whom you wish. Make fun by the hour. Make money giving exhibitions and teaching the art to others. Cure diseases and bad habits. Success sure. Very small cost. Write for free particulars to **M. D. Betts, Sta. 52, Jackson, Mich.**

Let Me Cure Your
ASTHMA, CATARRH,
FREE 50c Package.

Don't despair if you have failed to get a cure from doctors, inhalers, smoke powders, douches, or anything else. My Remedy cures quickly and **permanently.** No case of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis has my Remedy failed to benefit, no matter how chronic. The agonizing coughing, gasping, fainting, hawking, spitting, foul breath, etc., were relieved instantly. Send me your name and address and 4c in stamps to help cover postage and wrapping, and to show good faith, and I will mail you FREE 50c Package of my Remedy in plain wrapper. Write today.

T. GORHAM 555 Gorham Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

TO PRISON FOR FRAUD

Spitzer Turns in Wrath on Trust He Long Served.

New York, Feb. 10.—"The sugar trust made a scapegoat of me. It deserted me absolutely. It hounded and ruined me after I served it faithfully for 29 years," said Oliver Spitzer, former dock superintendent of the American Sugar Refining company's plant at Williamsburg, after he had heard a sentence of two years in the Atlanta prison imposed on him today by Justice Martin. Spitzer was convicted of conspiracy to defraud by underweighing sugar. In broken tones he bitterly arraigned the sugar trust, saying:

"I started with the trust in 1880 as a boy and by industry worked my way step by step, until I became superintendent of docks at Williamsburg. It has been reported that I was receiving big pay from the trust. As a matter of fact I got a salary of $55 a week. The expenses of this trial have cut into my savings and left me practically a ruined man.

"In the alleged fraud prosecution, the government cried for a victim, and the sugar trust answered by sacrificing me and four $18 a week checkers. None of us were guilty of any breach of the law, but somebody had to go to prison to save those 'higher up.' They say I had knowledge of the alleged manipulation of the scales at the sugar docks. I don't think that I was in the scale houses once during the last 15 years. I had no occasion to enter them. As to the corset steel said to have been discovered in a hole in a set of scales, I know nothing of it, and seemingly no one else except Parr, who claims to have found it later.

"I am going to Atlanta today, because I directed my counsel not to apply for a stay of execution. I do not want to place myself in the same sort of a position Mr. Morse found himself. Through stays and legal quibbles he added a year's imprisonment in the Tombs to his sentence, which was finally upheld by the higher courts. I want no such loss of time. I am not saying this because I anticipate that by conviction will be upheld by the courts. On the contrary, on an appeal I expect the conviction to be reversed and a new trial ordered."

Spitzer was convicted in the federal courts, with four former checkers of the sugar company, for conspiracy to defraud the government by underweighing sugar imports. The four checkers were sentenced, shortly after conviction, to one year each in the Blackwell's island penitentiary here. Sentence upon Spitzer was deferred on account of his physical condition, as he was about to undergo an operation for an intestinal disorder. He was deemed sufficiently convalescent today to be brought into court, where United States Circuit Judge Martin imposed the two-year penitentiary term upon him.

SNEERS AT DIPLOMACY

Knox Is Sharply Scored by New Yorker.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Secretary of State Knox was subjected to caustic criticism in the house yesterday by Representative Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, in the consideration of the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill.

Many bold strokes in diplomacy, said Mr. Harrison, were justified only by their success, as in the instance of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. But that had not been the case with some of the bold strokes of diplomacy made by Secretary Knox, he said. The Nicaraguan imbroglio, the Manchurian railway matter and the secretary's declaration that he would make it his duty to see that democratic forms of government should be maintained in Central America, he said, were examples of failure in the diplomacy of Mr. Knox.

"This position is so untenable," he added, referring to the maintenance of democratic governments in Central America, "that some day we will be obliged to retire from it with mortification."

There had been an obvious difficulty in procuring men of proper character and ability to serve the United States abroad, said Mr. Harrison.

"The French mission was vacant for months until a man of proper caliber could be found," he said. "Take Austria, where a man (R. C. Kerens) has been sent to represent the United States after having his fitness for the position measured chiefly by the size of his campaign contribution. Take the English mission! After that position had been declined by a noted educator (Dr. Eliot), it has been offered by a New York newspaper to Paul Morton. If Mr. Morton is appointed, that act will be to award a self-confessed violator of law and it will become patent to all the world that the path of the rebater is to lead to the foot of the throne.

"Today, the ambassadors are too often messenger boys, in silly knee breeches, with swords, who spend their time being photographed as the hosts of royalty or in playing the parts of 'hands across the sea.' To an active, virile man such a position would seem impossible."

Into this atmosphere of decadence Mr. Knox has injected a breath of fresh air by a suggestion of "dollar diplomacy," or the policy of valuing foreign representatives by the amount of cash they turn into the channels of American trade, said Mr. Harrison.

SOLVES ALL OUR PROBLEMS

Drop Style, Buy for Cash, Pay Your Debts, Says Farmer.

Franklin, Pa., Feb. 12.—"Be a farmer and snap your finger at monopolists," says O. C. Siggsworth, a Venango county farmer, "but if you must live in the city, then buy your apples when they are at rock bottom prices and make apple butter. Lay in 50 quarts of tomatoes when they are 50 cents a peck and preserve them.

"I take issue with those who say things cost more than they used to," he continued. "In 1872 I paid $1 for four pounds of green coffee, 12½ cents a pound for sugar, 15 cents a pound for prunes and 25 cents a pound for rice. I paid $3 for a hat I could buy now for $1; $2 for gloves that I could duplicate now for $1.50.

"The wage earner is hampered by credit. He goes into debt for two weeks and his money has to be paid out the day he gets it. My advice to those who don't like life on a farm is:

"Drop style, pay your debts, buy for cash and look ahead."

HEARD LINCOLN'S FAMOUS PLEA

Foreman of Jury Lives Nearly a Century.

Boone, Ia., Feb. 12.—Milton Logan, Sr., foreman of and sole survivor of the jury in the famous Armstrong murder trial at Beardstown, Ill., in which Abraham Lincoln used an almanac to free the accused man, died here yesterday, aged 99.

Lincoln, an attorney for the accused, proved by the almanac that no moon was shining on the night when one of the witnesses swore he saw the murder and recognized the murderer by the light of the moon.

Robert Sproule, M. D., B. A.

Fine New Book FREE

A fine new book is just off the presses. Don't you want it?

The book is filled from cover to cover with valuable medical information. It will explain the causes and reasons of many things you have always wanted to know. You can't help but be delighted with it.

The man whose picture you see here wrote the book. Catarrh Specialist Sproule is a physician of the first rank. His chosen profession has been not only a life work, but an absorbing passion. As a result of all his study, Specialist Sproule believes Catarrh to be the root of more trouble in the human system, than most people imagine.

5,000 FREE

If you want to see this new book, just write for it. If you write before this first 5,000 edition is gone, you will receive one FREE of all charge.

The book has many interesting pictures, and has not a dry paragraph in it. Catarrh Specialist Sproule has aimed to write a book which will tell people just what they want to know—how to avoid and how to cure some of the dangerous diseases of the day.

He is giving this book free because he is glad to share his medical knowledge with others as long as he is able. Of course, you can imagine that this offer can't be made long. Catarrh Specialist Sproule's other works have been very successful, and already repeated calls for this one are being made, by those who knew of his intention to write another book.

If you want this fine new book, fill out the attached coupon, cut it off—slip it into an envelope, and send it off immediately. You will receive the book by return mail, FREE. Write

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
43 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

FREE BOOK COUPON

Name.....

Address.....

.....

OPENS UP PUBLIC LAND

Taft Carries Out Plan of Pinchot.

Washington, Feb. 10.—More than 4,000,000 acres of land will be stripped from the forest reserves of the United States in the near future and restored to the public domain for homestead settlement through the government's policy in carrying out Gifford Pinchot's idea as to the classification of forest lands. This is the initial result of President Taft's approval of a plan jointly submitted to him a few days ago by Secretaries Wilson and Ballinger for the reclassification of these lands.

The lands involved in the restoration for settlement are those not suitable for forest purposes and represent more than two per cent of the total forest area. As three-tenths of the forest domain still is unclassified it is difficult to estimate what will be the total elimination when the whole area has been mapped out.

It cannot be stated at this time what withdrawals will be made from the public lands for forest purposes in accordance with the policy of classification. The subject is under consideration, and lands which are best adapted to forest purposes will be added to the national forests, but the matter has not yet reached concrete form.

Some of the land eliminated is suitable for dry land agriculture though the greater part is grazing land. These lands more suitable for tilling and grazing than the growing of trees will now be placed to profitable use instead of lying in waste within the national forests.

In Idaho, which has a large national forest area, about 470,000 acres will be eliminated, of which 34 per cent is tillable. Elimination in similar proportion will be made in a number of the other western states.

TO ENLARGE PACIFIC FLEET

Force Will Contain Ten Large Armored Cruisers.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 12.—The armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana, now in the Atlantic, which have been ordered to Buenos Ayres to represent the United States at the centennial celebration there in June, will come to the Pacific coast with the cruisers Tennessee and Washington after their stay at the South American port is ended, according to a dispatch received at the Puget Sound navy yard. With the addition of the Montana and North Carolina, the Pacific fleet will contain ten first-class armored cruisers.

ARMY MARCHES IN MANILA

Force of 8,000 Men Will Take Part Maneuvers.

Manila, Feb. 12.—Eight thousand troops concentrated here preparatory to the carrying out of etxensive maneuvers, paraded today and were reviewed by Governor-General Forbes and Major-General Carter. The officers say that it was the most elaborate review of American regulars since the end of the Wounded Knee campaign. The troops, in executing the maneuvers, will move north next week, an attacking force proceeding by sea and the island defenders marching overland.

A thousand Japanese officers and men from the Japenese training squadrons will be the guests of the city at the carnival on Sunday night.

LAND FRAUD CASE FAILS

Portland, Ore., Feb. 14.—The jury in the case of former Congressman Binger Hermann, charged with land frauds, announced a disagreement today and were discharged.

5,000 GRAND OFFERS

77c Dealer's Price **$2.00**

Doors, Windows, Millwork, **50% Below** Dealers' Prices

Here are a few samples of our 5,000 Building Material Bargains: Doors 77c. Windows 63c. Storm Doors $1.25. 100 square feet Flint-Coated Roofing, guaranteed 6 years, $1.25. Tar Felt 90c per roll. 45-light Hot Bed Sash, $1.60. 100 lineal feet Quarter Round, 25c. Base Blocks, 4c. Corner Blocks, 2c. Glass, 8x10 inches, 3c. 100 feet Hardwood Flooring, 48c. Porch Brackets, 5c. Porch Spindles, 14c. Hardwood Thresholds, 5c. Adjustable Gable Ornaments, 75c. We save you at least 50 per cent on everything we sell for building houses, barns, out-buildings, school houses, churches, stores, etc. It pays to buy from **The Largest Plant in America Selling Direct to Consumer. Quality and Safe Delivery Guaranteed.** Not in any Trust. Absolutely independent. Our stock is immense and we ship promptly. Everything is bright and new—no "wreckage." All millwork strictly up to official grade inspected and passed by the Sash, Door & Blind Manufacturers' Association.

63c Dealer's Price **$1.75**

Best Roofing 108 sq. ft. $1.25 Free Nails & Cement

Get the Great Catalog FREE FOR A POSTAL. It will save you big money. Packed and jammed with bargains. Our responsibility vouched for by three Big Banks. Money Refunded and Freight Paid Both Ways if Goods are not Exactly as Represented. **Write for FREE CATALOG.**
Gordon-Van Tine Co. 1905 Case St. Davenport, Ia.

HOME RULE PARTY FIRM

Redmond Says Irish Will Not Yield an Inch to Liberals.

Dublin, Feb. 11.—John F. Redmond, president of the national directory of the United Irish league, made an important pronouncement of his policy at a banquet given in his honor last evening. The leader of the Nationalists plainly outlined his plan of campaign at the coming session of parliament, where he virtually holds the balance between the two great English parties. In a word, his intention is to put out the government unless it has both the will and the power to deal with the question of the house of lords veto, but he is ready to vote for the budget provided Premier Asquith sticks to his pledge to resign office unless he gets the power to deal with the lords.

Two or three times during the course of his speech, which was received with great enthusiasm, Mr. Redmond referred to another general election as probably near at hand.

In opening, he said that they were celebrating the most successful campaign for home rule in Ireland and Great Britain. Ireland had now a party of 72 members, more united and, therefore, more powerful than any Irish party in the past, and never again, their life time, would men, nominally pledge-bound members of the party, be permitted to discredit their colleagues and thwart the party's policy.

Mr. Redmond paid a tribute to T. P. O'Connor's visit to America and asked the Irish people to remember that the Irish party had fought the election with money supplied by America and the colonies. The Lord only knew, he said, how near they were to another election and Irishmen should not forget that no call had been made on them for the last.

The question of the veto of the house of lords, continued Mr. Redmond, was for them in Ireland the question of home rule and there had been elected a majority of 130 against the veto and in favor of home rule. He believed that Mr. Asquith was a man of his word and he would not insult the prime minister by suggesting that he was likely to go back on his home rule declaration. For the government to pass the budget and postpone the veto question was a policy that Ireland could not and would not approve, but if Premier Asquith stood to his pledges he would have the support of the Irish party.

Mr. Redmond concluded by saying that he was prepared to subordinate every question to the question of home rule. If home rule was to be put aside he would fight the budget and if it was a question of securing home rule he would accept the budget.

RACE TO RESCUE 88

Six Boats Try to Reach Lima Before Waves Dash Her to Pieces.

Anoud, Chile, Feb. 14.—The Chilean cruiser Ministro Zenteno and five steamers of the Pacific Navigation company are racing south today in the desperate hope that they may save the 88 persons who, when last reported, were clinging to the stern of the British steamer Lima as the vessel was pounding herself to pieces on a reef in the Huamblin passage in the Strait of Magellan.

Two hundred and five persons were taken from the wreck by the British steamer Hatumet under difficulties which finally compelled the Hatumet to abandon the work of rescue. Four of the Hatumet's crew sacrificed their lives before their captain commanded his crew to cease their efforts. The Hatumet has arrived and and today her captain told the story of the wreck and rescue. He said:

Tells Story of Rescue.

"When we sighted the wreck we put out our small baots, which closely approached the stern of the Lima, where passengers and crew had gathered. We made a connection between the two vessels with 500 fathoms of cable and were successful in lowering 205 persons into our small boats and in getting them upon the Hatumet. Heavy seas were rolling, which made the work of rescue perilous, and finally the Lima's end of the cable slipped from her stern and became tangled in the rocks. Without the aid of the cable we could not reach the wreck, and but for this accident all would have been rescued.

"In the increasing seas our boats made futile efforts to reach the wreck. The Lima threw out another line, which our chief mate made a daring attempt to pick up. The second connection was eventually made, but the line, suddenly tightening, upset one our small boats and our chief mate, the ship's carpenter, the fourth engineer and a Spanish steward were drowned. By boat rescued the others of the small boat's crew.

Delayed by Thick Fog.

"I signalled the captain of the Lima that we had but one small boat, and if this was badly strained we had better proceed to Ancud for further assistance. Unfortunately we were delayed off Ancud by a dense fog. Lima had a strong list to starboard and her port quarter is under water. She had 17 feet of water in her engine room. When we last saw her she lay in a dangerous position and was striking hard.

"She struck during a heavy fog and in a stormy sea and will be a total loss."

The Hatumet belongs to the Pacific Navigation company, and plies between Liverpool and South American ports. She was last reported as sailing from Bahia Blanca, Argentina, January 26, on her way to Chilean and Peruvian ports. She registered 3,118 tons, and was built in Glasgow three years ago.

WOULD BAR PEARY

Promotion to Admiral Is Voted Down by Sub-Committee.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Commander Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, will not be given the rank of rear admiral in the navy as proposed, if congress approves the action of the sub-committee of the house committee on naval affairs, which voted to report adversely the bills offered by Senator Hale and Representative Allen.

The committee of six members voted unanimously against bestowing the honor upon Mr. Peary. A letter from Secretary Meyer was received by the naval committee, giving Mr. Peary's naval record and stating that he should be designated as "civil engineer" and not "commander."

Secretary Meyer said that Mr. Peary enlisted in the navy on October 26, 1881, and that he had a total of over 10 years in various leaves of absence.

Representative Roberts, of Massachusetts, a member of the sub-committee, said that he saw no reason whatever for conferring such an honor as contemplated upon Mr. Peary.

"His discovery of the north pole," said Mr. Roberts, "has been absolutely of no benefit to the United States, to civilization or to the naval service, as far as I can see. He has been absent from duty in the navy department most of the time he has been connected with it and has done nothing to entitle him to this honor."

The salary which Mr. Peary would have received as a rear admiral, U. S. N., retired, for the remainder of his life would have been about $6,000 a year.

VIBRANT NERVE FORCE SUPPLIED TO MAN.
(From "Man's Maladies.")

Without stamina, man is a failure. What is stamina? It is constitutional vigor-health. It is keen, responsive, vibrant nerve force, that gives wonderful inner strength of will, sustains a sound body, supports a wise mentality, makes money and keeps friends. Keen, strong, sensitive nerves make stamina, and with it man can excel in business, sport, pleasure and social favor. Without it he is apt to be weak voiced, weak memoried, feeble in motion, with cold hands, cold feet, nervousness, timidity, fear without cause, trembling, melancholy, pain in the back of head, neurasthenia and a general lack of grit, courage and nerve, so that it is impossible to act naturally under all circumstances, as a man with stamina should.

Astonishing strength, nerve force and poise is quickly restored by the following valuable formula, which anyone can prepare in the privacy of home.

Coming from a source of unquestioned authority, namely, Dr. Lewis Baker, College of Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, it is presumed to be infallible.

First, obtain three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound in a six-ounce bottle; add one ounce of compound fluid balmwort, shake well, and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom) and one ounce compound essence cardiol. Mix. Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

ONLY ONE MAN SAVED

In Wreck of French Liner on Minorca Island 156 Die.

Palma, Majorca, Feb. 12.—Driven helplessly from her course, in one of the wildest storms that has swept the Mediterranean sea in 40 years, the French Transatlantic Seamship company's steamer Gen. Chanzy crashed at full speed, in the dead of night, on the treacherous reefs near the island of Minorca, and all but one of the 157 souls on board perished.

The sole survivor is an Algerian customs official, Marcel Rodel, who was rescued by a fisherman and who lies in the hospital at Ciudadela, raving as a result of the tortures through which he passed and unable to give an account of the disaster.

In the ship's company there were 87 passengers, of whom 30 were in the first cabin. The crew numbered 70.

The ship was in command of Captain Cayol, one of the most careful officers of the line. In his long experience he had never before met with an accident. He had intended to retire from the service in the near future.

The passengers of the Chanzy were mostly French officers and officials returning to the posts in Algeria, accompanied by their wives and children; a few soldiers, some Italians and Turks and one priest.

The Gen. Chanzy which sailed from Marseilles Wednesday at noon and was due at Algiers Thursday afternoon is a total wreck. Steamers have been dispatched from Spain and from other points to the scene of the catastrophe.

The Gen. Chanzy struck at 9 o'clock Thursday night after Captain Cayol, with all his experience, had been unable to cope with the tempest of almost unprecedented violence. Other ships in the neighborhood had safely ridden out the storm, but the Chanzy fell prey to the elements, was lifted off her course through the Balearic archipelago and brought up on the coast of Minorca, in the vicinity of Ciudadela. Fishermen at daybreak picked up Rodel clinging to a piece of wreckage.

EDITORS AND CANNON

Extent of Opposition Is an Eye-Opener to Congressmen.

Washington, Feb. 14.—The poll of newspaper editors, revealing an overwhelming repudiation of Speaker Joseph G. Cannon and of the Aldrich tariff law in the territory lying between the Alleghanies and the Pacific ocean, proved the political sensation at Washington yesterday.

The disclosure therein of a prevalent dissatisfaction among Republicans with the recent doings of the Republican party in congress appears to have furnished grounds for genuine alarm among the Republican leaders at the capital.

In the light of the evidence produced by the Chicago Tribune's poll the majority of the standpat congressmen who are classed as leaders, now privately admit that Cannon is done for, past all redemption, as speaker of the house of representatives.

Although Cannon may be re-elected in his district next fall, he hasn't the ghost of a show for re-election to the speakership, in the opinion even of hardshelled reactionaries, whose only remaining hope is that in default of Cannon Providence will send them another speaker of the good old sort. The vote of 5 to 1 against Uncle Joe in the poll of Republican editors is considered the most staggering blow Cannonism yet has encountered.

Inasmuch as the Cannon popularity has been steadily waning for some time, the condemnation carried by the figures came as a surprise to the Republican leaders only in the quantitative sense. They didn't dream the antagonistic sentiment was half as pronounced anywhere in the country.

But the really staggering jolt was delivered in the figures showing a condemnation of the Aldrich tariff law among Republican editors by a vote of 3 to 1. None of the leaders supposed the dissatisfaction was half so bad as that. They didn't think the disaffection was half so prevalent to begin with, and they thought that a good deal of it had died out. Now, to their dismay, they find it has multiplied in volume.

This is an alarming phase of the situation in the eyes of the Republican leaders. They can't get rid o the tariff, but they can get rid of Cannon. Before the primaries next summer the leaders have it in their power to give satisfactory assurances to the people that Cannon never will be speaker again, and that Cannonism is dead for the time being, at least.

CANADA INCREASES HER ARMY

Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 12.—The department militia issued orders today creating six cavalry regiments, two field batteries and seven battalions of infantry, including one Highlanders, to be located at the chief centers of Western Canada, principally in towns a short distance north of the United States boundary line.

Spring Colonist Fares

Effective March 1 to April 15, 1910

To Points in Western Montana, Idaho Washington, Oregon, British Columbia

$25.00 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior; $33.00 from Chicago; $31.50 from Milwaukee; $27.85 from Des Moines; $32.00 from St. Louis; $25.00 from Kansas City, St. Joseph and Omaha

$37.50 from Toledo

Northern Pacific Ry

Operates electric-lighted, leather-upholstered tourist sleeping cars daily from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and from St. Louis, St. Joseph, Lincoln, to the North Pacific Coast. A la carte dining car service.

For descriptive literature about the country along the "Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune," address

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The Northwest offers delightful climate, wondrously fertile valleys, irrigated and dry farming lands. Fortunes are made raising fruit, vegetables, grains and grasses. The rapidly growing cities offer great opportunities, too. For rates of fare, time of trains, address

J. J. GARTNER,
Trav. Passr. Agent, 40 E. 4th St., Cincinnati.

Earn Big Money

BE A DISTRICT MANAGER

We want one ambitious man in every town to take orders for our tailoring. No experience necessary. We offer you an opportunity to earn from $25 to $40 a week right from the start, and a chance to master salesmanship. Many traveling salesmen and sales managers are earning $20 and $25 a week.

We Make Your Work Easy

Ours is the oldest and largest mail order tailoring establishment in the country. Our plan is entirely different from all others. It enables you to IGNORE all competition—to UNDERSELL and to OUTSELL all others. We turn over to you all inquiries from your territory and give you full credit for sales.

Let us send our samples and complete instructions, absolutely free, and tell you how you can get your own clothes in the very latest styles at cost to advertise your line. You don't need to give up your present work, nor spend a cent to try out this big paying proposition. But remember, if you delay one day in writing, someone else may get your territory. (2)

American Woolen Mills Co. Dept. 466 Chicago, Ill.

Nervous Headache

"I know from experience that Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will relieve severe cases of headache quickly." MRS. GEO. S. HENRY, Sullivan, Wash.

In many persons the least excitement, exertion or irritation causes headache. They cannot attend church, theatre, places of amusement, travel, or mingle in a crowd without suffering an attack of headache. The nerves of the brain are easily excited, and this irritable condition causes pain. Such persons should take

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

before starting out, or on the first indication of an attack. They invariably relieve all such misery.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

This Stomach Remedy FREE

Fill out the coupon or write a postal and get a Free Sample Bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—You can try it without expense—In this way thousands have been cured of serious stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

I want to send you or any neighbor or friend of yours who suffers from a stomach, liver or bowel disorder, a sample bottle of my wonderful tonic-laxative, famous for over twenty years as **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** There will be no charge for this sample bottle. All you have to do is to send me your name and address on a postal card, or fill out the coupon and send it to me, and I will gladly do as I here agree. This offer is open to anyone, anywhere.

This sample bottle contains the **same wonderful vegetable remedy—the same remarkable ingredients—as the Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** which sells over the counters of every drug store in the United States at 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—the same curative, satisfaction-giving, laxative tonic that families have been using for twenty years or more. I am in a position to give away thousands of these sample bottles, and I want you all to send in your request.

My object in offering a free sample bottle is that I know I have a remedy of extraordinary merit, and there is no better or squarer way for me to convince the people of that fact than to let them use a sample bottle free of charge. In this way thousands have been brought to use it as a family remedy, as they got results. The sales in drug stores are doubling every year, so the free sample idea must be right, as the sample has the same contents as the regular bottles.

I firmly believe that **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** is the best remedy on the American market for any form of stomach, liver or bowel disorder—better than any other liquid remedy because **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** contains not only the best laxative properties, but famous tonic and upbuilding ingredients as well; better than any tablet remedy because tablets gripe and not all stomachs can dissolve them; better than any salt, pill or purgative because these are violent in action and do but temporary good.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN TRAINS THE STOMACH MUSCLES TO DO THEIR WORK NATURALLY, and in that way brings about a permanent cure. It builds up and strengthens weakened digestive systems. With all its wonderful effectiveness, it is yet so gentle in action that it can be given to infants—in fact, thousands of mothers buy it for their babies and children. And because of its gentle action, so free from griping, it is the best laxative for women and old people.

Write me today for a free sample bottle. Fill out the coupon and send it to me. **You will be making no mistake.**

WHAT THE FREE SAMPLE IS DOING

I receive many letters every day from people who were cured of some stomach, liver or bowel trouble by even the free sample bottle of **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** This cure with a free sample bottle means that they did not feel the need of going to their druggist for the regular 50 cent or $1 bottle. But they show their appreciation by telling others of my remedy, and these others, whose confidence is then established, buy it of their druggist. I want you who have never tried it to send to me for a free sample bottle so that you can tell your neighbors and friends what it has done. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

I received the free sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and used it as directed and found it great satisfaction to my complaint. I have also used a 50-cent bottle and expect to keep it in my house. I would not do without it. Doctor, you would have heard from me before now, but I thought I would try your Syrup Pepsin before answering so I could write you just how it acted. I have found Syrup Pepsin just what you recommended it to be.
Mrs. Maggie Waters, 132 East Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

I wish to thank you for your valuable sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and I have purchased a $1.00 bottle and it is very satisfactory to me, as I have been troubled with constipation and stomach troubles for several years. I have spent a great deal of money doctoring with different doctors and have had no satisfaction until I heard of your remedy.
Mrs. Thos. Flanagan,
110 N. Macon Street, Brookfield, Missouri.

I am glad to tell you that your Syrup Pepsin has acted like a charm. It did me lots of good. I tell you it is fine. I thank God and you so much for giving you the knowledge. So many thanks to you for your medicine.
Mrs. Briscilla Scott, 26 B St., Lawton, Okla.

The sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin did me so much good that I bought a bottle and am now like the blind man when Christ restored his sight and told him to tell no man, yet he went and proclaimed it to the world. That is just what I am doing also, and as I was in such bad shape and am an old man 75 years old, that will have its effects at least in the community in which I live. I am now feeling better than I have for the past twelve years. I will take one more bottle and think that will fix me up all right. You can use this for a testimonial if you like.
Thomas Ely, Edison, Ohio.

It is pleasure for me to recommend your Syrup Pepsin to anyone who has stomach trouble. I used the sample you sent me and am now on my second 50 cent bottle. It is the best medicine I ever saw. I cannot be without it.
Garrett Hatfield, Murry, Ky.

In regard to your Syrup Pepsin you sent me a trial bottle and I used it and bought a 50 cent bottle and have had no headache since I commenced to use it, and before I had headache once or twice a week. I am very much pleased with your medicine and much obliged.
J. F. Snavely, New Enterprise, Pa.

I feel it my duty to write and thank you for your sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin, as it has done me a world of good. I tell all my friends, who suffer as I did of it and will always recommend Syrup Pepsin to stomach sufferers. You may publish this letter if you like.
Mrs. A. B. Miles, 4511 Magazine St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

I received the bottle of Syrup Pepsin and it is the very medicine needed. It has done me more good than any other medicine has and I am very thankful to you and am going to keep it until I am cured.
Mrs. Nancy Harmon, Chaonia, Mo.

Your valued letter of the 2nd duly received; also free sample of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which I have taken only three weeks, and feel to be entirely cured of that constipated habit which troubled me for so many years and cost me so much money in trying all the different remedies advertised. It is certainly a wonderful specific for constipation and it works so easy, giving such natural refreshing sleep, so that I am gaining 2½ pounds per week. I feel that you are distributing one of God's choicest blessings to the afflicted. Truly and most respectfully yours,
F. Everett Gray, Kansas City, Mo.

My stomach troubled me and I could not get anything to help me, but I saw your Syrup Pepsin advertised and sent for a trial bottle. I saw at once that it was helping me, so I sent to the drug store and got a 50-cent bottle and am feeling fine. I am a thousand times thankful for it and I will recommend it to everybody whom I know to have stomach trouble. It is the best medicine I ever used and I have tried a great many kinds. I do not think there is anything so good as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.
Mrs. Jane Allen,
412 Francis St., Jackson, Mich.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If you have any of the following symptoms you are certainly suffering from a stomach, liver or bowel disorder and you need **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** Fill out the coupon and mail it to me and I will send you at my expense a free sample bottle of my remedy so that you can see how quickly you can be cured when the right remedy is used. Write for yourself regardless of how young or old you may be, whether your case is recent or of long standing; write in behalf of your child or any other member of your family. I am glad to send it for whomever it may be. The leading symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel disease are:

Constipation	Distress after eating
Laziness	Indigestion and Dyspepsia
Billiousness, Torpid Liver	Flatulency
Sour Stomach	Sick Headache
Disturbed Sleep	Gas or Wind on the Stomach
Loss of Appetite	Catarrh of the Stomach

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE Many people continue to suffer because they do not find the right remedy; many more, however, because they do not get the right medical advice. I have treated tens of thousands for these troubles. If you would like to have my opinion of your case, if you would like to have my advice as to what you should do and should not do, then write me a letter explaining how you suffer and I will study your case and advise you. There will be no charge for what I do for you and you can avail your self of these services whether you ever take **Syrup Pepsin** or not. Explain you case fully and freely. It may present some mystery to you and others that I, with my greater experience, can easily clear up. I have had many letters from people saying that my advice was worth more to them than the remedies, prescriptions and general efforts of other doctors. For the free medical advice address your letter,

DR. W. B. CALDWELL,
R 623 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

FREE BOTTLES FOR EVERYBODY I will send a free sample bottle of DR. CALDWELL'

I PRESENT TO YOU A "HEALTH BELT MAN"

He Is 55 Years "Young"

Yes, 55 years young; not 55 old, for My Health Belt poured vitality into his blood, nerves and tissue until

His Vigor Was Restored

My marvelous HEALTH BELT is a Wizard Worker, a mechanical self-treatment of the highest therapeutic value. It stands by you and never abandons its task until you are brought back to a state of vigorous Manhood, without an ache, pain or weakness. No drugs, no dieting, no restrictions of any sort excepting that all dissipation must cease. Worn during the time you are sleeping, it opens its flood gates and drives a great soft, warm stream of electric vitality into your blood, nerve and weakened organs throughout the entire night; you sleep better for its use; it cures forever the weakness in your back; it seeks out and expels from your system all rheumatic pains. The electro-suspensory attachment is there for a purpose; it is the strong

feature of my Health Belt, and delivers the electro-vitality to the parts most needing it. Courage, ambition and a new view of life, with full self-confidence, surely result. It makes you young and keeps you young with the fire and vigor of the biggest, fullest blooded man you ever saw. The "HEALTH BELT MAN" cannot grow old, for he knows the secret of perpetual youth. It will place you in the "feeling fine" class. "I am a man again, thanks to your wonder-working Health Belt. Use my name as you see fit." So writes C. L. Snell of Middleport, N. Y. So have said thousands before him.

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Call or Write for It Today

Call at my office for free test of Belt, or, if at a distance, fill in the coupon and let me get this wonder Health Book into your hands. It is sent free, sealed, by mail, and gives certain health and nature facts, which every man (young, middle aged or old) should have. It fully describes my Health Belt, and is beautifully illustrated. No charge for a professional opinion of your case. I have known 100,000 men who sought my aid—I should know you.

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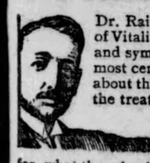
YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3311. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 4, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

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A Roof That Saves 5 Times Its Cost!

An Edwards "Reo" Steel Shingle Roof outwears four wood shingle roofs and costs only two-thirds as much as one. It wears six times as long as 3-ply composition roofing. It's fire proof and reduces insurance rates from 10 to 20 per cent.

Edwards "REO" Steel Shingles

Easy to put on. Need only hammer and nails. No soldering—no tarring. Comes in stamped sheets of finest Bessemer Steel, 5 to 10 feet long, covering width of 24 inches, either painted or galvanized.

Buy at Factory Prices. We are largest makers of iron and steel roofing and pay the freight on all Steel Shingles: Plain, Corrugated, V-Crimp Roofing; Imitation Brick Siding, etc. Write for free catalog 159 and ask about our $10,000 Guarantee Bond Against Lightning.

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On a Manure Spreader If You'll Let Me

This is just a little ad—but a postal will bring my Big Book—and give you my $50.00 Saving Price and Special Proposition. You can save as much answering this little advertisement as if it covered a page.

My Spreader positively will do better work and last longer than any Spreader made—no matter what the price—so why pay $50 more? 40,000 farmers have stamped their O. K. on my spreader and money-saving price. My Special Proposition will interest you. Just a postal addressed to Galloway of Waterloo, Iowa, will bring you everything postpaid.

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Address Wm. Galloway, Pres. WM. GALLOWAY CO. 1679 Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X409 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

MARRY AND LIVE LONG

Dr. Bertillon Back Advice With Statistics.

London, Feb. 10.—On the subject of matrimony Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the French statistician, differs in his advice from Punch, which summed up its counsel to those about to marry in the one word "Don't!" Dr. Bertillon on the contrary explains his reasons for believing that marriage and longevity go hand in hand.

He calls in the aid of statistics to prove his contention that a married man or woman has three times as much chance to attain a ripe old age as a bachelor or a spinster; and with regard to men he shows that the mortality among widowers is greater than among the married men. Dr. Bertillon says that his father went thoroughly into this question and obtained statistics from other European countries which completely support this opinion, while he himself has studied later figures in France. So his advice to young men runs:

"Marry; you will do well even from a selfish standpoint. But watch carefully over your wife's health, as even from this egotistical point of view her loss will be a terrible misfortune, for your life depends in a great measure on her own."

Addressing himself to young women he says:

"To you I give the counsel to marry in your most selfish interest, as married women have less mortality than spinsters of the same age at least after the age of 20; but the difference is less for women than for men. The mortality among spinsters is much greater than among married women, but it is not twice as great, as in the case of men."

Dr. Bertillon does not take a cheerful view of the lot of the widow. He says:

"The mortality among widows is distinctly much greater than among married women of the same age. The sweet state of widowhood is, on the contrary, fatal to young widows. Their death rates from 20 to 35 years of age is twice that of married women at the corresponding age."

He gives the reason why matrimony conduces to longevity thus:

"Married people lead a more regular life. They are more surrounded and therefore more controlled, discreet though this control may be, and it must be discreet if it is to be useful. Their physical life, like their moral life, is healthier, quieter, more natural."

In the French statistics of one year which Dr. Bertillon has selected the deaths in a thousand men among bachelors between the ages of 35 and 40 were 19, while those of married men were only eight. Between the age of 55 and 60 the figures were 41 for the former and 23 for the latter.

With women the mortality was 12 and eight between 35 and 40, and 24 and 18 between 55 and 60. The death rates among widows and divorcees were respectively 12 and 21 women a thousand.

Earth in Danger.

The opinion of the well known French astronomer Camille Flammarion that there is possible danger in the approach of the Halley comet which may gravely affect the earth on May 18 is not shared by all astronomers.

M. Bigourdan, member of the French Academy of Sciences and one of the directors of the Observatory in Paris, thus answers a question put to him on the subject: "It is possible that the gaseous atmosphere of the comet will touch us when it passes, but we shall be no more upset than we were in 1819 and 1861."

Mr. Baillaud, another director of the Paris Observatory, says: "We shall scarcely perceive the passage of the earth through the comet's tail. The gases that form the tail are so rarefied and are spread over such great distances that it is possible that if there is any shock between the two atmospheres the comet will be the loser."

M. Deslandres, of the Meudon Observatory, cites previous experiences of the earth with comets and says that according to exact calculations the earth was touched by the tails of different comets in the eighteenth century. The chroniclers of the time note the prevalence of fear. More recently, says M. Deslandres, a comet almost touched the surface of Jupiter, but apparently there was no perturbation.

"Probably there will be seen a shower of shooting stars in the upper regions of the sky," he says. "It seems that the tails of certain comets, perhaps when they are on the decline, break up and form meteors which follow their directions and have the same orbit as the original comet."

On the other hand, it is pointed out that the spectroscope has shown that there is a large quantity of cyanogen gas in the atmosphere surrounding Halley's comet, and some chemists, such as M. Dastre, say that being practically without odor the presence of the gas would not easily be perceived. A mixture of this gas with air would lead to certain poisoning. M. Armand Gautier adds the cheerful information that in the presence of fire or a small electric spark a mixture of cyanogen gas and air will explode.

Controversy Over Venus.

A controversy has been started by the statement made recently by Sir William B. Richmond, R. A., that the famous Rokeby "Venus," purchased for the nation in 1906 for $225,000, is not, as was supposed, the work if Velasquez, the great Spanish painter.

Although Sir William has refused to be interviewed on the subject for publication, it is possible to give the opinions he has expressed to friends. In the first place, he has asserted that there are two pigments used in the work now in the National Gallery which were unknown in the time of Velasquez. Then the flesh tints, he asserts, are painted over a black ground, a method of acquiring the requisite tints for flesh that Velasquez never used.

"In my opinion," he says, "the picture was painted about 150 years ago by a French artist. The French were very clever at this sort of work and did a lot of this kind of thing at that period.

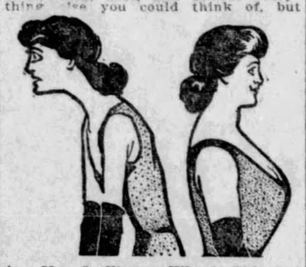
"It is well known that Velasquez did a sketch of a similar character to that of the 'Venus' in question, and it is, I should say, quite possible that one of the French colorists found this sketch and finished it, so that you see it is possible that there may be some of the Spanish artist's work underneath. It does not follow that the picture is not a work of art, but what is certain is that it fetched its huge price solely as a Velasquez and that it certainly is not."

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

Remarkable Result of the New Flesh-Builder Protone, In Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself By Sending Coupon Below For a Free, 50c Package.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer, and almost everything else you could think of, but



Any Man Or Woman Who Is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight By The Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

without result. I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable successes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

FREE PROTONE COUPON

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, with full instructions to prove that it does the work. They will also send full instructions and their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you.

If you want to put on more flesh fill out the following coupon today. Free 50c packages can only be had by writing direct to Detroit.

The Protone Co., 2465 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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HUNT TRAMP DOCTOR

Farmer Dies After Dose of Medicine.

Trenton, Mo., Feb. 14.—A jury under the direction of Coroner Samuel Sheldon, is investigating at Galt the death of Thomas Pile, a wealthy farmer, who died Thursday at his home near the east edge of Grundy county.

The suspicion that Pile did not die a natural death is strengthened by a former attempt to poison him and his family. In the former case Pile suspected his wealthy young son-in-law, James Humphrey. Humphrey sued him for damages, obtaining a judgment, from which Pile had appealed. Humphrey is in jail awaiting trial on the charge of murdering James Hatcher, an aged neighbor, last month, whose wife Humphrey is said to have visited the night Hatcher was slain.

Witnesses at the inquest today testified that a traveling doctor giving his name as F. Cohen, came to Pile's home Wednesday afternoon, saying he had been told at Galt to come and see Pile, who was ill. Cohen gave Pile a tablet and poured some medicine into half a glass of water and administered a teaspoonful of the mixture. Pile at once became apparently better. Cohen got him to sign a check for $85, promising to complete the cure without further charge, and went back to Galt.

He left the glass of medicine and told the family to administer a dose not oftener than once a day, if necessary, to relieve the suffering. The family administered a dose Thursday. Pile immediately became worse and Cohen was summoned. It is believed Pile was dead when he arrived, but the doctor propped him up and poured more medicine down his throat. Cohen then got the glass of medicine and left hurriedly. He is wanted by the coroner's jury, but cannot be found.

This makes four poisoning investigations going on in Missouri now, the Swope case at Kansas City, Vaughan case at Kirksville, Doxey case at St. Louis and Pile case at Galt.

SPEND MILLIONS FOR DRINKS

Americans Heavy Importers of Beverages.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Americans must be a thirsty nation, judging from the imports of drinkables as set forth in a statement just issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor.

The United States drank the essence of more than a billion pounds of coffee in 1909, valued at $86,000,000. That was about $1 worth of coffee for every person in the United States.

Tea is not such a favorite. Only a little more than a hundred million pounds, valued at about $16,000,000, came in.

But in spirits, wines and liquors the nation touched its highest record for importation in 1909, and consumed foreign products of that kind to the value of more than $26,000,000, more than twice as much as was imported in 1899.

SEES CANNON DEFEAT

Dawson, of Iowa, Says He Will Not Be Re-elected.

Bay City, Mich., Feb. 12.—That Taft aims to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in securing results in corporation control by federal statutes, that Uncle Joe Cannon will not be the speaker of the house in the Sixty-second congress, that a return of the Roosevelt "square deal" is highly necessary as applied to Republicans between themselves and that the rows of the majority in congress are tickling the Democrats and affording extreme pleasure to predatory wealth which needs both curbing and punishment are some of the things Representative A. F. Dawson, of Iowa, told the McKinley Republican club of Bay county at the annual banquet in this city last night.

Dawson said he did not know whether Cannon's successor would be Republican or Democrat; the rows in congress were obliterating party lines to such an extent that there was danger to the Republican majority.

"Our Republicanism" was Dawson's topic, and he declared unequivocally that the rank and file of the party must rally to Taft's banner and force a fulfilment of every party pledge, including postal savings banks, interstate commerce and railroad legislation, the promises made to labor, and the destruction of the white slave trade, which, he said, was an important matter to the country at large.

Hon. John Barrett, director of the bureau of American republics, discussed the possibilities for American commerce in South America and administered a stinging rebuke to the average business man of the United States who, he said, was occupied with his affairs, or, if he traveled, spent his time in Europe, and permitted the vast trade of South America, one of the richest plums of the undeveloped world, to go into European hands.

Benito LeGarda, resident commissioner of the Philippines, spoke briefly regarding the Philippines, paying tribute to Taft and the work he has done for the Islands. Congressman Loud and James E. Davidson, president of the club, were the other speakers.

VALUE OF PEA VINES

Can Be Fed to Stock or Cured for Hay.

In the early history of pea canning, the pea vines were treated as a waste product, the disposal of which involved considerable difficulty and expense. Most commonly they were thrown out in piles to rot, the resulting manure being used for fertilizer.

During recent years the pea vines have risen to the dignity of a by-product, from which the factories derive considerable profit. They are now utilized for silage, or fed to stock in a fresh state, or cured for hay. They make a silage superior in value to corn silage. They may be preserved in silos the same as green corn, or they may be put up in large stacks in the open air. If these stacks are well put up and the vines are well trampled decay will only affect the surface to the depth to a few inches.

The United States department of agriculture has recently made an extensive investigation of this subject and published the results in a circular.

The pea vines can easily be cured by spreading them on sod land. Pea-vine hay is considered better than clover hay.

Both the hay and the silage are excellent feeds for dairy cows. They are also satisfactory feeds for beef cattle, horses and sheep. The hay sells at $3 to $5 a ton.

In some cases the pea vines are hauled away from the factory by the farmers who supply the peas; in other cases they are sold in a fresh state, and in still other cases the factories either silo the vines or cure them for hay.

ONLY PAPERS IN CASKET

Relatives of Specht Didn't Find Treasure.

Memphis Feb. 10.—Instead of the contemplated treasure, the heirs of the late Karl Joseph Specht found only papers of a personal and historical nature when they forced open a casket deposited by Specht a quarter of a century ago.

The opening of the casket was premature, it developed, the instructions found within the box which was encased in lead, indicating that the casket should not have been opened until 1975 instead of yesterday. After the family documents were distributed the box was resealed and deposited, to remain intact 65 years.

SPEAKS FOR HUMANITY

Calhoun Demands Short Hours for Women.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 11.—William J. Calhoun, United States minister to China, appeared before the supreme court of Illinois yesterday in an appeal to have that body overrule a decision bearing upon the 10-hours-a-day working law for women. Judge Tuthill last July held the law limiting the working day to 10 hours unconstitutional on the ground that it infringes on woman's right to contract for the hire of her labor.

Minister Calhoun told the court that he would confine his address to a single phase of the case, its humanitarian or common sense side. "I am not a radical, nor a Socialist, nor an anarchist," he said, "and I don't even belong to the so-called 'uplight movement.' But I do take sufficient notice of some of the unfortunate abuses which exist in this highly and artificially developed civilization of ours and which call aloud for correction.

"When men and women are dependent upon their daily wages, when they are face to face with poverty all the time, when the loss of a day's work and a day's wages means not enough money to pay rent, or not enough to buy food, it is not fair, it is not common sense, to say that they enjoy any freedom to contract for the sale of their labor.

"Many women in their struggles for food and shelter, yes, and for life itself, are willing, even eager, to work long hours every day in every week in the year, year in and year out, until their bodies break under the strain. But the wishes of such women should not be allowed to militate against the welfare of womankind and of mankind in general.

"Must the selfish desire of a few men to sell more goods, to grind out more orders, be allowed to stifle the needful demand of maidenhood and of motherhood?"

State's Attorney Wayman, of Chicago, who also asked the supreme court to set aside the ruling of Judge Tuthill, declared that the legislature should have power to protect human beings as it has the power to protect the lives of animals.

Attorney Haynie, representing the Illinois Manufacturers' association, argued for the upholding of the dicision of Judge Tuthill.

Free

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Wants To Send A 50c Box of Her Remedy Free to Every Woman Suffering From Any Form of Female Weakness or Piles.

Home of Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Kokomo, Ind.

In a few years she has spent thousands of dollars in giving free Medical Treatment to afflicted women.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has relieved so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the treatment of female diseases, displacements, falling of the womb, irregularities, painful periods, leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration and tumors; also pains in the head, back and bowels, nervousness, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can treat themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't wait another day; not necessary to write a letter, simply send this notice with your name and address at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7824 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

MOVING PICTURES

OF THE WONDERFUL WORLD CHAMPION

DAN PATCH 1:55

ABSOLUTELY **FREE** TO STOCKOWNERS

It is a New Invention that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly, day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. The original is the first successful moving picture ever taken of a World Champion Horse in his wonderful burst of speed.

A MILE OF 2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55 and every picture shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his Thrilling Speed Exhibitions for a full mile. 2400 distinct moving pictures taken of Dan in one minute and fifty-five seconds means twenty-one pictures taken every second all of the way around the entire track from the back seat of a high power automobile. You can see Dan shake his head to let his driver know that he is ready for a supreme effort and then you can watch every movement of his legs as he flies through the air with his tremendous stride of 29 Feet. You can see his Thrilling Finish as he strains every nerve to reach the wire, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his care taker force his way through the crowd and throw a beautiful woolen blanket over Dan to prevent his catching cold and then you can follow him up the track before the Madly Cheering Multitudes. As a Study Of Horse Motion it is better than the actual speed mile because you can see Dan right before you for every foot of the entire mile. When first shown to the public this marvelous picture caused people to stand up all over the theatre calling "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan."

This Remarkable Moving Picture is the Most Realistic and the Most Thrilling ever presented to the public. I have taken a part of the Original 2400 Wonderful and Sensational Pictures and made them into a **Newly Invented Moving Picture** that you can carry in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light.

MY NEW MOVING PICTURES MAILED FREE TO STOCKMAN, postage prepaid, IF YOU ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS

1st. In what paper did you see my Moving Picture Offer? 2nd. How many head Each of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry do you own? 3rd. How many acres of land do you own or how many acres of land do you rent?

IF YOU ARE NOT A STOCKOWNER AND WANT THE MOVING PICTURES SEND ME 25 CENTS FOR POSTAGE. For Packing, etc., In Silver or Stamps and I will mail you this Wonderful Moving Picture of Dan Patch 1:55, The Fastest Harness Horse The World Has Ever Seen.

Address - - - INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., M. W. SAVAGE, Proprietor, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

16 MAGNIFICENT EASTER CARDS FREE

THESE CARDS ARE EASILY WORTH 5 CENTS EACH

These magnificent cards are all embossed in solid gold and silver wave background. They are lithographed from original designs in ten and twelve colors and are positively the most beautiful cards you ever saw. They come in various appropriate designs, such as Eggs, Rabbits, Crosses, Easter Lilies, Angels, Chickens, etc. You cannot realize the beauty of these cards until you see them. Every single card in the set is a gem. Your storekeeper would charge you 5c each or 80c in all for a set of cards as good as these.

We have distributed more high grade post cards among our friends than any other house in the country. We want to give you a set of these cards just for a few minutes of your time.

HOW TO GET THEM FREE

Fill out the coupon and send it to us with five 2c stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, advertising, etc., and we will mail you a set of these 16 cards at once. If you are not more than delighted with the beauty of these cards just drop us a card and we will return the 10c in stamps and allow you to keep the cards for your trouble.

With these cards we will also mail full particulars how you can get 50 more Beautiful Gold Embossed Easter or other cards. Just for doing us a little favor that will cost you nothing. Fill out coupon today, address MYER CARD CO., Easter Card Dept. 127 CHICAGO, ILL.

USE THIS COUPON

MYER CARD CO., Easter Card Dept. 127, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find five 2c stamps (10c) to pay cost of postage, packing and advertising on a set of 16 of your beautiful solid gold and silver embossed Easter cards. I promise to show these cards to some of my friends. Also send me full particulars how I can get 50 more cards FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

REMOVE YOUR

GOITRE

At Last a Reliable Treatment is Found for these Unsightly Tumors. YOU MAY TEST IT FREE.

If your neck is disfigured by an unsightly goitre, let me send you a LIBERAL sample of my great remedy for a test. You will notice the good effect of the treatment right from the start both in a reduction of the goitre and relief from the choking and other distressing symptoms which usually accompany it. Many goitres of the milder forms are entirely cured by this trial treatment alone.

The following letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., is only one of hundreds of such letters I receive every year. She writes, "I am happy to write you that the sample treatment you sent me two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I was greatly alarmed about it at the time, and I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment to those who have goitre."

Write for the free trial treatment today and let me prove to you that your goitre can be cured. Write today. Address, Dr. W. T. Bolo, 106 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Get this Rolled Gold Pair Free

ROLLED GOLD BRIDGE

DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide Spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks---on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the ROLLED GOLD BRIDGE pair forever without a cent of pay if you accept my special extraordinary advertising proposition, and

—JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN—

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on one easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention.

Address: DR. HAUX, (Personal,)

Haux Building,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and is Perfectly Reliable.

LOW FARES SOUTHWEST

Plan now to go on the next excursion. Don't delay your trip until the opportunites there are *gone*. The cheap, fertile lands will *soon* be *high*. The *big* chances will *soon* be *taken*. Take advantage *now* of the low fares Southwest via Cotton Belt Route on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. You'll have 25 days to look around and can stop over going and returning. The Cotton Belt operates two daily trains Southwest with through sleepers and chair cars.

Don't fail to stop off at Stuttgart to see the rice fields.

COTTON BELT ROUTE

Talk **with the rice growers of Arkansas.**

Hear from them *direct* what fortunes they are making. S. H. Taggart of Stuttgart, made $4500 *net* from 70 acres. J. P. Rich made $6017 net from 93 acres. *Not one man has failed.* So *sure* are the yields that some owners give raw land for the *first* crop.

Rice lands that can be bought *now* for $25 per acre and equipped for $25 more, will bring $50 per acre net yearly. Illinois corn lands bringing $17.50 net are selling for $125 per acre *You* can figure what these rice lands will *soon* sell for. *Today* is the time to buy Your name and address on this coupon will bring you *just what you want to know.*

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Send me your booklets and full facts:

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Special Sale of Wire!

Here's the greatest opportunity ever presented to buy Wire and Nails at an enormous saving. There's good reasons why we can sell our merchandise for less money than anyone else. We purchase our goods in an entirely new and original way. No old time methods about our business. We recently purchased the contents of a barge sunk in the Ohio River, containing 20,000 Kegs of Wire Nails, besides thousands of reels of high-grade Barbed Wire, Wire Fencing and much additional wire product. Our customers get the benefit of our wonderful operations. The Barbed Wire offered is the finest and best manufactured. It is unimpaired and just as good as the first-class material that you buy from your High Priced Dealer. The nails are offered just as they are. No deception about our business. We Want satisfied customers everywhere.

Galvanized Barbed Wire, 4 point, put up on reels, per 100 lbs., **$2.00**; Painted Barbed Wire, **4 point, $1.75** per 100 lbs.; **2 point, $1.65** per 100 lbs. Our special galvanized high-grade, light weight Barbed Wire, 80 rod spools, per spool, **$1.65**. Painted Twisted Wire, per reel, **$2.75**.

Wire Shorts. They are put up 100 lbs to the bundle. By shorts we mean wire in lengths from 50 to 200 feet. Good for all general purposes. Comes in gauges from 9 to 15. Telephone Wire No. 12, **$2.85** per 100 lbs. No. 14, **$3.10** per 100 lbs.

MIXED WIRE NAILS, PER KEG, $1.50

These Nails were on board a barge sunk in the Ohio River and are now more or less rusty. They are practical for use and make a fine handy assortment. Put up mixed, just as they come, 100 lbs. to the keg. Sizes from 3 to 40 D. First-class should take advantage of this opportunity to buy nails so cheap.

ASK FOR OUR MAMMOTH ILLUSTRATED FREE CATALOG No. K. D. 297

It shows 10,000 bargains bought by us at **Sheriffs' Sales, Manufacturers' Sales and Receivers' Sales.** Also explains our wonderful **Marine and other Wrecking Operations.** Shows everything in the line of material and supplies, including high-grade Furniture, Household Goods, Rugs and Carpets. Give us a trial. Write to-day. **ASK FOR OUR LOW PRICES ON "WIRE FENCING"**

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FREE

THIS ELEGANT INITIAL WATCH AND SIGNET RING.

ANY LADY, BOY OR GIRL CAN HAVE ONE. This is the handsomest little watch ever offered by any premium house. High-grade American stem wind and stem set, a perfect timepiece, fully warranted. Your own initial engraved on it. A beautiful ring with each watch, also an ELEGANT GOLD PLATED SIGNET RING with your initial engraved on it. All we ask of you is to send your name at once. We then send you, all charges paid this Watch and Ring, a sample of our Beautiful Colored and Gilt Art Cards, all different, to show to your friends and neighbors, who will be eager to take them at the reduced price of 10 cents per package. Return us the 40 cents you will receive and this Beautiful Watch and Signet Ring immediately, all charges prepaid.

Send No Money in Advance! Just send your name and address. We trust you with Post Cards until distributed and take them back if not disposed of. You receive Watch, Chain and Ring without one cent of cost. Write for Post Cards today, a cent a card costs you nothing to try. Don't delay. Address: KYER ART COMPANY, Room 127, CHICAGO, ILL.

The petroleum industry of the United States has increased eight-fold in the last 30 years, quadrupled in the last 20 years and more than trebled in the last decade.

While 2,000-horsepower locomotives are common in the United States and many exceed that size, a 1,200-horsepower engine is considered very large in Continental Europe.

CANNON LETS GO PENT-UP WRATH

Washington, Feb. 15.—Speaker Cannon, taking advantage of the fact that yesterday was St. Valentine's day, gave the gavel to John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, took the floor and handed out valentines, both lace edged and comic, all around the house.

The speaker was filled with all his native fire. He was in strong voice. He spoke with deliberation and every word told. The word was passed into the corridors that "Uncle" Joe had taken the bit in his teeth and was on the rampage in the house. From committee rooms and offices the congressmen streamed to the floor: Speaker Cannon had more than 300 of the members in their places listening to his every word. At its conclusion the applause was enthusiastic, but it was confined to the Republican side.

Says Expert Is Needed.

The rivers and harbors bill was up for discussion and the speaker adhered to the subject long enough to establish his right to speak. Then he cut loose and said what he thought.

He told the house that if it wished to reform the rules it should get an expert to do it, and it was no easy job sifting out necessary legislation from the 30,000 bills laid before the chair each session. He announced that there was always a probability of a Democratic house and that the Democrats should be careful not to get too far away from the reins as the horse (or house) might bolt at any time.

He said that he had done the best he could, and if the country thought that was the worst possible, the country would have to do the weeping.

Every once in a while the speaker, keeping in mind the rules, referred to the rivers and harbors bill, so that any effort to rise to a point of order was impossible. Besides, every member, Democrat as well as Republican, was too much interested to raise a point of order.

Respects the Newspapers.

"I have great respect for the newspaper press. They have access to the people and they are read and ordinarily have great influence. I recognize that fact. I had the pleasure of floating down the Mississippi on a steamboat in the late excursion from St. Louis to the gulf. While I had voted for these appropriations since the early '80s. I did not really understand as to the nature of the improvements. But I had enough kindergarten instruction at that time to feel that I was justified in my former vote and that I am justified in voting for and supporting this bill as one member of congress.

"We have 90,000,000 of people in this country now. When fully populated and developed we will have 500,000,000 of people. Long before the 500,000,000 of people are here, if we are to depend alone for transportation by rail, we will have the railway mileage multiplied by two, multiplied by three, multiplied by four.

"I do not care about airing grievances touching newspaper and magazine attacks. It is their privilege. I recollect after that trip down the Mississippi, when I turned around and came back from New Orleans, from the criticisms I received not founded on correct information—I will not say maliciously false—it made me wonder whether I was afoot or a horseback, and whether I was I or somebody else.

Need of Committee.

"In the great mass of business that is covered by 30,000 bills pending before the various committees no man ever lived who can exhaust all of them. We must follow the committee. No congress will ever exist unless God in his infinite mercy lengthens the hours in the day and the days in the year, that can ever consider all of the 30,000 bills. It is for us to preserve the machinery by which a majority can transact the public business and to preserve it, so that when the wisdom of the American people and the favor of God may give a majority to those of the other side that they will have the rules and the order of procedure, a product of the experience of 120 years, unhampered, and thus may run the business of this house and glorify it.

"I expect we will continue to receive all kinds of correct information and fake information, in order that our great metropolitan journals may continue, some of them, to sell. I desire to say to gentlemen on this side of the house, and to gentlemen on that side of the house, in the last analysis that if we lose sight of our own importance and of our position for the time being, there will come in our places better and wiser men who will not lose sight of these necessities."

Delicately Formed

and gently reared, women will find in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives and mothers, that the one simple, wholesome laxative remedy, which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally and which may be taken at any time, when the system needs a laxative, with perfect safety and really beneficial effects, is Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

It has that true delicacy of flavor which is so refreshing to the taste, that warming and grateful toning to the stomach which responds so favorably to its action and the laxative effect which is so beneficial to the system when, occasionally, its gentle cleansing is required.

The genuine, always bearing the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., may be purchased from all leading druggists in original packages of one size only, price fifty cents per bottle.

THIEVES APPLY TORCH

Timber Looters Drive Farmers From Homes.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 15.—Timber thieves in the wilderness of southern Indiana have been driving away the farmers with fire, according to reports received today from Nashville, the seat of Brown county, into which, until lately, no railroad penetrated.

Houses and barns on 18 farms lately have been destroyed. C. M. Harbet and his family last night had to run for their lives from their blazing home.

Miles south of Nashville the families have moved out and the timber thieves are cutting and hauling walnut and hickory logs by the hundreds. On the edges of the thinly settled territory in which the bands of depredators work the farmers, armed with shotguns, patrol the roads at night.

TWO SEAMEN ARE INJURED

Explosion on Board the Battleship Virginia.

Washington, Feb. 11.—An explosion which resulted in the injury of two gunners' mates occurred yesterday on board the United States battleship Virginia while that vessel was firing a salute off Guantanamo, Cuba.

A charge which was being hoisted into one of the Virginia's guns, exploded as it was being placed in the breech. Third class gunner's mate J. Irban, who was working at the gun, had his right hand badly mutilated by the explosion, and the surgeons found it necessary to amputate the arm above the wrist. T. W. Brunner, another third class gunner's mate, was severely burned about the face. Both men were transferred to the fleet hospital ship Solace, where their injuries are being cared for.

Rear Admiral Shroeder, commander-in-chief of the fleet, has ordered an investigation into the accident. The Virginia, with the other battleships of the Atlantic fleet, are engaged in maneuvers in the West Indies, with Guantanamo as headquarters.

DENOUNCES SALE OF LAND

Congressman Declares Sugar Barons Benefited.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Representative Martin, Democrat, of Colorado, today introduced a resolution declaring the recent sale of 55,000 acres of Friar lands in the Philippines which he alleges to have been made to a "representative of the Havemeyer Sugar interests" to be a violation of law, denouncing the department of justice for upholding it, and demanding an investigation.

ROOSEVELT NEARS THE NILE

Gondokoro, Soudan, on the Upper Nile, Feb. 14.—Colonel Roosevelt and the others of the Smithsonian African scientific expedition, are expected here on Wednesday. The launch of General Sir Reginald Wingate Sirdar, of the Egyptian army, is in waiting to convey the party to Khartoum. The trip down the Bar-El Jabel and the White Nile will be begun Thursday or Friday and Khartoum should be reached about March 6. Three days later the voyage down the River Nile to Cairo will begin.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, Feb. 8.—Senate—The postal savings bank bill and the bureau of forestry were under discussion in the senate. The public expenditures committee was also taken up in debate. Some senators seeing a possible interference with the regular committees because of the comprehensive powrs given the public expenditures committee.

House—"Joy rides," wine and other personal extravagances of living were charged against the immigration committee today in the house by Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, in discussing the expenses contracted by the commission on its trip to Europe last summer. Tariff and high prices were debated by Mr. Henry, of Texas, and Mr. Boutel, of Illinois.

Wednesday, Feb. 9.—Senate—An investigation of the causes of the high prices of the necessaries of life was provided today by the passage of a resolution for that purpose by the senate. The senate also passed a bill conferring the rank of rear admiral upon Commander Peary and retiring him with the highest salary paid a rear admiral.

House—This was "calendar day" in the house, and several bills were passed, including one for the creation of an art commission to pass upon various works of art erected by congress in the District of Columbia.

Thursday, Feb. 10.—Senate—The senate acted promptly on the summons of the district court for the joint committee on printing to appear tomorrow in the paper award proceedings brought by the Valley Paper company, by instructing the senate members of the committee to ignore the summons. The senate denied the right of the courts to interfere with its legislative function. Senator Borah in a speech on the income tax asserted that the fears of Governor Hughes that the constitutional amendment would make possible the taxing of state and municipal securities were groundless.

House—The house spent the entire day in debating whether the house members of the joint printing committee should obey the court summons to appear in the Valley Paper company's case. The majority of the judiciary committee favored compliance, but three members, including Chairman Parker, brought in a minority report, taking the view adopted by the senate. A night session was held and the majority report finally adopted.

Friday, Feb. 11.—Senate—The senate passed the Bennet "white slave" bill today, which had previously passed the house. The senate changed the measure so as to divorce the immigration feature from all others. After a two-hour session the senate adjourned until Monday.

House—The diplomatic and consular bill appropriaing $3,700,000 was passed by the house. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, charged that the activity of the state department in the interest of American trade resulted in coercing weaker governments and the certain favoring banks getting the benefit of loans. The house was in session six hours and adjourned till Monday.

Monday, Feb. 14.—Senate—No senators being prepared to discuss the postal savings banks bill, that measure was laid aside for other business. The senate passed the house bill requiring the census enumerators to include in their reports all the cattle slaughtered in the United States, and incorporated an amendment requiring the collection of statistics regarding national and state irrigation.

House.—After considering the rivers and harbors appropriation bill for about seven hours, the house succeeded in disposing of 70 of the 100 pages of that measure without making any important changes. Speaker Cannon, obtaining the floor, gave his approval to the pending bill, incidentally telling the Democrats if they should ever come into control of the house they would realize the necessity of providing methods of procedure that will allow them to transact business, or else by inaction disappoint the people who had placed them in the majority.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Feb. 15.—There was little out of the ordinary in wheat at the outset today. What strength the market developed was largely the result of firm cables and a decrease in stocks at Chicago. The latter feature has been of pronounced help to buying interests for some time, and offset a number of bearish factors. The market early in the day withstood profit taking quite well. With the exception of damage reports from France foreign crop reports appear favorable. Toledo cash opened unchanged at $1.25, May ¼c advanced at $1.25½ and July unchanged at $1.06¼.

Prices held up well during the late hours, despite some selling as the result of an easier tone at Minneapolis. Toledo cash and May closed unchanged at $1.25 and $1.25¼ respectively and July ⅛c off at $1.06⅛. Liverpool closed ⅝d to ¾d higher.

Corn receipts at Chicago were heavy but quality was poor. Local prices were from ⅛c to ¼c higher all around early in the day. May, July and September opened at 69¼c. The tendency towards midday was downward.

Final corn prices were about ¼c to ⅝c higher than the previous closes, cash finishing at 69⅝c, May and September at 69⅜c and July at 69½c.

Clover seed was rather weak at the start, but regained practically all the lost ground at 10 a. m. Cash, March and February opened at $8.27½, April at $7.80 and October at $6.82½.

Receipts were 150 bags against 1,170 a year ago. Shipments were 904 against 236 a year ago. Closes which follow show prices from 2½c to 5c higher: Cash, February and March $8.32½, April at $7.85 and October at $6.85.

Save for an advance of ¼c in the near month, oats values were unchanged up till the noon hour. Opening prices were: May 49¾c, July 47c, September 41¾c.

Final oats values were: Cash 49¾c, May 50c, July 47⅝c. September 42c.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Feb.15.	Feb.14
Wheat—					
Cash	1.25	1.25½	....	1.25	1.25
May	1.25½	1.25⅝	....	1.25¼	1.25¼
July	1.06¼	1.06⅜	....	1.06⅛	1.06¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	68¾	68¼
May	69¼	69⅝	69¼	69⅝	69½
July	69½	69⅝	....	69½	69¼
Sept	69¼	....	69	69⅝	69
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	49¾	49¼
May	49¾	....	....	50	49⅝
July	47	....	....	47⅝	47
Sept	41¾	....	....	42	41¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.27½	....	....	8.32½	8.30
Feb.	8.27½	....	....	8.32½	8.30
March	8.27½	....	....	8.32½	8.30
April	7.80	....	....	7.85	7.80
Oct	6.82½	6.87½	....	6.85	6.85
No. 2	....	....	....	8.12½	....
No. 3	....	....	....	7.90	....
Reject	....	....	....	7.75@7.80	
N. E. G.	....	....	....	6.60@7.20	
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	82	82
No. 3	....	....	....	78	78
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
March	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.72½	7.70
March	....	....	....	7.75	7.75

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.12⅝	1.13¼	1.12⅝	1.12½	1.12½
July	1.03⅜	1.03⅞	1.03⅛	1.03⅜	1.03⅜
Sept	98¼	99¼	....	98⅝	98⅝
Corn—					
May	67	67⅝	66¾	67⅜	66⅞
July	67¼	68	67¼	67⅝	67
Sept	67¼	67⅞	67¼	67⅝	66⅞
Oats—					
May	47¼	47⅝	47¼	47⅝	47¼
July	44	44½	43⅞	44⅝	43⅞
Sept	41	....	40⅞	41¼	40⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.20¼	1.20⅝	....	1.20¼	1.20¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.12⅜	1.13¼	....	1.12⅝	1.25⅝
July	1.02	....	....	1.02½	1.02

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.12⅝	1.12⅜
July	....	....	....	1.12¼	1.12⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.13⅝	....
July	....	....	....	1.13⅝	....

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	23.45	23.50	23.32	23.35	23.37
July	23.40	....	23.17	23.22	23.35
Lard—					
May	12.60	....	12.50	12.52	12.67
July	12.50	....	12.40	12.47	12.62
Ribs—					
May	12.25	....	....	12.17	12.35
July	12.22	....	12.12	12.17	12.30

Toledo Produce Market.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Feb. 15.—Receipts of hogs were liberal and the market ruled 10c higher than yesterday. Demand ruled good, but the market closed weak. Local packers secured the bulk. Top lambs were quoted 5c up at $8.65. Other live stock ruled steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.25@9.30; good mediums, $9.25@9.30; heavy Yorkers, $9.25@9.30; light Yorkers, $9.25@9.30; good mixed, $9.25@9.30; good pigs, $9.25@9.30; bulk of sales, $9.30; stags and roughs, $7.00@8.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.65; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.00; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common to light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.25; stockers, good to choice, $4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.50@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $5.50@6.00; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.50; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.00; yearlings, $5.50@6.50; lambs, fair to good, $7.50@8.00; lambs, top, $8.65; common, light, $6.00@7.00; culls, $5.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and fatl-fed, $5.00@7.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 11,000, market weak to shade lower; beeves, $4.35@7.80; Texas steers, $4.00@5.10; western steers, $4.20@6.00; stockers and feeders, $3.15@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.25@5.80; calves, $7.00@9.20.

Hogs—Receipts estimated at 32,000, market steady; light, $8.70@9.15; mixed, $8.75@9.25; heavy, $8.75@9.25; rough, $8.75@8.90; good to choice heavy, $8.90@9.25; pigs, $7.80@8.90; bulk of sales, $9.00@9.15. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 18,000, market weak; native, $4.70@6.75; western, $4.50@6.85; yearlings, $7.25@8.50; lambs, native, $6.75@9.00; western, $6.75@9.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 5 cars, steady. Hogs, 20 cars, strong; heavy, $9.30@9.40; yorkers, $9.40; pigs, $9.40@9.50. Sheep, 10 cars, lower; best lambs, $8.85; yearlings, $8.00@8.25; wethers, $6.75@7.25; ewes, $6.25@6.50. Calves, $5.00@11.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Feb. 15.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs—Receipts 20 cars, higher; mediums, yorkers and pigs, $9.30. Lambs, $8.75. Calves, $10.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Feb. 15.—Cattle—Steady. Hogs 1,000, 5 to 10c higher; heavy, $9.35@9.40; mixed, $9.40; mediums, $9.40@9.45; yorkers, lights and pigs, $9.45. Sheep—Steady, $6.90 down; lambs, $8.90 down. Calves—Lower, $10 down.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Feb. 15—(Wall Street)—The stock market opened heavy today, but losses in the important stocks were confined to moderate fractions. There were a few notable exceptions, Kansas & Texas going up 1¼, and Great Northern Ore Certificates a point. Canadian Pacific was down 2 points in sympathy with a corresponding loss in the London market.

The market reversed its course soon after the initial dealings, a brisk demand for Reading, the western railroad stocks, U. S. Steel and the Copper group carrying prices well over yesterday's final figures. There was a varied demand for the inactive specialities, a dozen or more going up from 1 to 2 points. Reading moved up 1⅝ and then the whole movement came to a halt, profit-taking forcing Reading back a point and lowering some of the other leaders to below yesterday's closing.

The market declined of its own weight. There was no notable increase in the volume of selling, but prices continued to give way gradually, until Union Pacific, St. Paul, Northwestern and United States Steel were forced a point and Pittsburg Coal preferred ⅝ under yesterday's final prices.

Prices receded until the gain in Reading was wiped out. By that time Amalgamated Copper was 1⅜ lower than last night, Laclede Gas 1¼, and Southern Pacific, Rock Island preferred, American Smelting stocks and Utah Copper 1. The room traders finding themselves almost the only operators, hesitated to push any movement. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, Feb. 15, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. Loco. com	49½	50¼	49½	49⅝
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	125	125	124	124
Atchison	115¼	115½	114⅜	114⅞
Am. Car & F. Co	60⅜	61¼	60⅜	60⅜
Anaconda	50	50	49½	49⅝
Amal. Copper	75⅜	75⅝	75	75⅛
Am. Smelters	82½	83¾	81⅞	82⅝
Am. Woolen Co	34	34	34	34
Am. Ice Sec	24½	24¼	24⅛	24⅛
Am. Beet Sugar	29⅝	29⅝	29⅞	29⅝
Biscuit com	110⅝	110⅝	110⅝	110⅝
Balt. & Ohio	110¾	111¼	110⅞	110⅞
B'lyn R. Trans	73¼	73⅝	72⅜	72⅝
Cast I. Pipe com	25	25	25	25
Chicago & G. W	30⅞	31	30⅜	30⅝
Canadian Pac	181	181¼	180¼	180½
Clover Leaf pfd	65⅜	65½	65⅜	65½
Colorado Fuel	37½	38	37½	38
Ches. & Ohio	84	85	83¾	84
Central Leather	39¾	40¼	39½	39½
Consolidated Gas	144⅜	145⅝	144¼	144½
Can pfd	76⅝	77	76⅝	77
Del. & Hudson	174¼	174¼	174	174
Distillers Sec	31	31	30⅜	31
Erie com	28⅛	28⅞	28⅛	28⅝
Gt. Northern pfd	136¾	136⅝	136	136⅜
Ill. Central	141⅞	142	141⅞	142
Int. Paper	13⅛	13½	13⅛	13½
Interborough com	20½	21	20⅜	20⅝
Interborough pfd	52⅛	54¼	52⅝	52⅞
K. C. Sou. com	36⅜	37	36⅜	37
Louis. & Nash	149¼	149¼	149¼	149¼
Merc. Marine pfd	19⅜	19⅝	19⅛	19⅜
Missouri Pacific	69⅞	70⅜	69⅞	70¼
M., K. & T. com	42⅜	43	42⅜	42⅝
Nor. Pacific	135⅝	136⅜	135½	135⅞
Nat'l Lead	81	81¾	80¼	80¾
N. Y. Air Brake	80	80	80	80
Northwestern	158	158¼	156¼	156½
North Am. Co	79½	79½	79½	79½
N. Y. Central	119½	120¾	119	119
Nickel Plate com	60	60	60	60
N. & W. com	101½	101½	101¼	101¼
Ont. & Western	44⅞	45	44⅜	44⅞
Pac. Mail	40⅜	41	40⅜	40⅜
Penn. Ry	132⅜	133¼	132½	132½
Pacific Mail	30	30	30	30
People's Gas Co	110	110	109¼	109½
Reading com	165¼	166⅞	164⅞	165⅝
Rock Island	47⅜	48¼	47	47⅛
Rock Island pfd	84⅝	85	84⅞	85
Rep. I. & S. Co	38⅜	38⅜	38½	38¾
Rep. Pref	100⅜	101	100⅜	101
Ry. Steel Spgs	41	41	40⅞	40⅜
So. Ry	28¼	28½	28⅛	28⅜
So. Ry. Pref	62¼	63½	62¼	62⅝
St. Paul	144⅞	145⅞	144⅛	144⅝
Southern Pacific	125	126	124½	124⅝
Tol. Rys. & Lt	11⅜	11⅜	11⅜	11⅜
Third Ave.	10¼	10¼	10	10
Texas Pacific	30	30¾	29½	29½
Tenn. Copper	33	33	33	33
Union Pacific	183⅞	185	183⅛	183⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	109½	109½	109⅝	109⅝
U. S. Steel	79¾	79¾	79¼	79¼
U. S. Steel pfd	119½	119⅝	119¼	119½
U. S. Steel 5s	104⅝	104⅞	104⅜	104⅞
Utah Copper	51	51	49⅝	50
Virginia Chem	51¾	52¼	51⅝	52⅜
Wabash com	21½	21⅞	21¼	21⅜
Wabash pfd	46½	47⅞	46¼	46⅝
Western Union	72¼	72¼	71⅝	72
Wis. Cent. pfd	47	47	47	47

Toledo Produce Market.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, Feb. 15.—Butter—Creamery extras, 31@31½c; prints, 32@32½c; firsts, 29@30c; dairy fancy, 22@22c; process extras, 26½@27c; prints, 1c extra; packing, 22@22½c. Cheese—Full cream fancy York state new, 19c; choice, 18c; Ohio full cream new, 17@17½c; Swiss No. 2, 20@21c; No. 2, 16@18c; brick, 18@19c; limburger, 17@18c. Eggs—Current receipts, 26½c. Poultry—Alive, chickens, 16½@17½c; ducks, 17@18c; turkeys, 24c; geese, 13@15c; dressed, 1@2c higher than alive.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 25@28c; dairies, 21@25c. Eggs—Easy; receipts 7,132 cases at mark, cases included, 17@21c; firsts, 23½c; prime firsts, 24½c. Cheese—Steady; daisies, 16⅝@17c; twins, 16½@16¾c; long horns, 16½@16¾c. Potatoes—Easy; choice to fancy, 40@41c; fair to good, 36@38c. Poultry—Steady; turkeys, 17c; chickens, 16c; springs, 16c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8@9c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9@10c; 85 to 110 lb wts., 10@11c.

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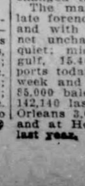

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